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[LOVE IN THE GREENWOOD.]

THE SECRET OF POMEROYS.

"Shifting Sanda," "The Snapt Link," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.
Thus spake the dames! Yonder is our path,
Eenesth the cavern's arch.
Now is the ebb, and till the ocean's flow
We cannot even risk the rocks.
Go thou upon the shore,
Perform thy light solutions, and with prayor
Stengthen thy heart.
I too have need of prayor.

rk 10 ás d,

ga ß,

Stengthen thy heart.

I too have need of prayer.

Bable had rushed from his father's presence from somewhat mingled motives.

He was certainly annoyed and chagrined to the very utmost by the galling fancies that he had conceived, and, although tolerably inconsistent with each other, they still combined, in some torthous fashion, to irritate his impetuous spirit.

And a second reason for his abrupt flight was more susceptible of computation,

He had arranged to meet the singular gipsy queen on that especial afternoon, towards the hour so romantically styled by our northern neighbours as the "gloaming."

And as that remarkable personage was perhaps scarcely to be disregarded, and, as might be said, thrown over at pleasure and with impunity, Basil Pomeroys deemed it better to avoid the risk of offending and forfeiting the strange friend whom he had a vague idea might so affect his destiny. Whether the same interest would have been excited in his mind had the fair Esther not been in existence remained to be proved. But in any case he would not have forfeited his appointment for a whole shower of gold, and still less from alarm at his father's unreasonable displeasure.

Thus he rushed away in a breathless pursuit of a phantom, while refusing the substance, and it was by a lucky chance that he escaped the dangers of lake and wood and hill and glen that come in his path between the Castle and Rosemount Wood.

On he went, in utter disregard of all that could

obstruct his way, and arrived at the trysting-place at the old oak some quarter of an hour or more before the time appointed.

Thus his patience was tested to the utmost by the delay that seemed to him hours are Lena's tall form came slowly to the fore.

"I thought you had forgotten," he exclaimed, apprily.

the orphan of his murdered brother? Cannot that

give you the explanation you sak?"

"No," he said, vehemently, "no? I daresay some morbid weakness may account for Melanie's being indulged and spoiled, though estrainly she is vary little to be pitied for the fate of a father she never

form came slowly to the fore.

"I thought you had forgotten," he exclaimed, angrily.

"Why, it is just the time I said," she observed, calmly. "The gipsy's clock is in the sky and knows no variation of time. If you are as rash and hasty in your demands for the working out of your fate there will be little hope of doing you good," she went on, with unmoved earenity that fairly chafed her irritable companion.

"I want no schooling from you," he exclaimed, angrily. "I think the whole world seems in league to annoy and madden me to-day."

"Probably. But what does bring you here?" inquired the gipsy queen, caimly. "You wrote to claim my promise, to summon me to the place of the past party of the past party in you cannot to ask me, and trust to my knowledge of the past and future to guide you."

"Of the past, perhaps; but certainly not of the future. I am too wise at any rate for such credulity," he answered, impationly. "But if you have any such inspirations as you pretend, I would inquire why my father is so taken up with a nicce, instead of his own and only son? I would ask why that insolent stranger is dragged into our house and petted and attended, just by way of adding gloom to a hated household, and why is it so constantly to be urged on me as a fate that I should marry a girl for whom I have no fancy, and for whom I feel now an absolute rapugnance? Can you answer any of these questions and prove your boasted knowledge?" he went on, impetuously.

"A string of questions, young sir," she said, in a lower, grave tone; "she went on, looking full at him with clear, sublenching eyes. He could carried the disparance on a girl I am fairly the description of the past, perhaps guess your self if you would. Do you not imagine that your father may feel a more than common tenderness for the father may feel a more than common tenderness for the way to a look of impatient contempt at her own, felly.

back fellow fellow

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"It is weakness," she muttered. "What matters it, when, after all, it to but truth, however unimely

And there was a dignity in her look and air as sh turned again to Basil that fairly seems

turned again to Ball that lairly seemed a vertex their respective positions.

"It is perhaps unwise of you, Mr. Pomeroys, to risk such words to one who can do you much evil at her pressure," she said, calmly. "But you are young, very roung, and that must be your excuse. As to the marriage with your cousin," she went on, "that can never be—never! I will pledge my life for that unless some such unlooked-for event happens as unless some such unlooked-for event happens as I can now scarcely imagine. And as to your father's reasons for the scheme it were best you should never inquire, never know them so long as his life—sy, or yours—can last. There were heart-burnings and jealousies, young six, long are you were born—such as divide the closus friends and are best buried in the forgottee past. SMR, that much you need not fear; were you at the vary allar I can eave you need not fear; were you at the vary allar I can eave you from marrying Mulanic Passeroya."

In listoned to her with a strange reverence and oredains, for which he perhaps despised himself, but which he could not courted.

which he sould not control.

"And that man, that Reville," he said, in a more subdased fone, "I have him, and it is en awfu nuisance to have him like a blight in the house chilling all chance of joy and merriment.

She gave a slight, a searcely perceptible shiver a she replied a

she replied;
"He will not die, I have read his heroscope too elearly for that. But still there is a black and heavy done over his life, and year and he are bound and woven, as it wore, in a tangled web, which will force you against your will into a dangerous and hetal

contact."
"Hat why? What on afflict my father with such a menic, when he shrinks from strangers, and only forces himself to encounter them for the sake of his faromite nice?" seked the young man,

of his favorable neces, and the panel of his favorable neces, and the second of the se

1 No, no. If you suspect any such hidden links, "No, no. If you suspect any such hidden hars, you are wrong, Mr. Easil; you are no changeling, your father has no other son save yourself, and Eustace Neville has not one drop of blood in common with yourself," she said, firmly. "There is no cause for alarmas to that. None."

"Then what claim has he? why ought he to find a shelter in my father's home?" he asked, immainthly the sale of th

"That is another secret of the past, which you perhaps may never know-never," she replied.
"And I mistake much if the general knows who it is "And I mistake much if the general knows who it is he is nursing back to life in the mansion of his fathers. But I can promise you there is no risk of his accessing your wishes where they are tending. Son Danvers is not for him, no, nor for you either. There are others whom the stars have designed for you both," also added, with a look that seemed to gaze vacantly into the future rather than at the surrounding objects. surrounding objects.

"And who is to be my wife, good woman?" he said, smiling rather constrainedly. "Pray, have I seen her already?"

You have not been much in the world," she and, evasively, "nor has she. Still, for aught I know, year may have met. If not, the Fates will bring you togother even were you at the opposite and a of the earth. No one need fear missing his destiny, save by his own wilful and foolish fault. Do you wish to know more of your fare, young man 2" she added, as if suddenly wakening to life.

He hesitated.

He hesitated.
"What can you tell me that I cam to know, when
you talk in this vague style?" he replied, bitterly.
"If you could or would give me any intelligible
advice, I would listen; yes, and pay well for it

Liona shook her head gravely.

"No, not from you," she said. "If reward comes for what I may do for you it shall not be in silver or But I will tell you this much, which I can the future, however dimly it may at times stretch out where those in whom I am not interested are one corned.—I can warn you against what is the only plain event before my ken."

"And what is that?" he said, half-hesitatingly, there was something in Lena's manner that

spoke of anything save a bright and enviable prediction. "Is it death or marriage that is threater

"It is the destiny of your rece for many a generation," she replied. "There is dauger, strong and present, and terrible risk for you, from the hatred and jealousy of a rival in lova. If you escape, there is little more to foar, so far as the future rolls out before me."

"If?" he repeated. "In there a doubt then? annot your boasted knowledge tell more than Cannot your

Cannot your boasted knowledge tell more than that?"

No," she said, shaking her head gravely, "they say that a physician cannot head himself or his own kindred, and where we are sencerned it is the same risk. All looks misty and dark and confused, and it is well nigh impossible to predict the end and read it clear and bright. Hat much tesends on courage and cautian, Mr. Haeil. You would not be a Pomeroys if you had not one, but I doubt much that you are coul and well-jidging when your pusitions are aroused. Parkeps if is beat "size added, shoughfully. "A read youture will seemed where a timid assumer fact, and it is vain to de and on what is sure to fail at need. There are well a hard on what is sure to fail at need. There are well as hard to hand the folly."

Had it been any one seem the mother of Eather hanight po shaps have despited and recessed all this as a depicable and benden; pages, but Lone's refusal of researd and the resulty and carnetiness of her massive could scarnedy fail to improve with confidence in his candons, whatever night he the opinion of its credibility, and heall's few was grave and auxious as he stood for some manual are in prepared to obey har dismissal.

CHAPTER IVILL.

"Esther, my beloved, I cannot live without you. Say that you will be my own, that you will not refere to fly with me, to live with me as my greedone one, my own jurist, whom I will wear in my become and shelter from overy breath of sorrow."

And Book Pomercys chaped the lovely, brilliant gipsy girl to his heart as if he would indeed draw her into his beaus.

Eather's head drooped on his shoulder, and her beautiful open were raised to his with any happiness.

ness.

"Oh. Basil, you could not -you would not be content with the poor gipsy girl," she said, in a low, aweet value. "It would only degrade you. You would be so subsumed of the little Zingers," she said, as his arm tightened around her yielding waist.

"Say rather that she would be his pride, his ormment, his greatest treasure," he said, forwardly. "Can you not trust me, dearest 2 Do you think that I would forfeit my word, that I would deceive my awees, treasing Miranda, my joy, my life?"

And he whispered once again ardent your of love and devotion.

They were music itself to the fair, inexperienced, ambitious girl.

But yet she had perhaps some vague shadow of

worldly wisdom in her girl-heart, noise precedens than would have been the case with the more carefully sheltered daugitors of prespority and case.

"Basil, I dare not, unless you can screen ma from anger and scorn," she said, anily. "I have but a gipsy girl, as you know, but stiff there are laws as ct among our tribe as among your own happies, and if one were to-to be disgraced," she class, and if one were to to be disgraced," she whispered, her face burning with a crimson flame, a it were exile and misery and punishment auc

"Not even with me and my deep love?" said Basil, half-representable. "Ah, Esther, I could be content with you, with your sweat words and looks and beaming love. You do not understand such feelings," he went on, his embrace stackening and his tone assuming a well-understood represent.

She nestied up once again in his arms.

She nestied up once again in his arms.

No, no; you are wrong. My whole life is bound up in yours, Hasil. But you would not bring anhappiness and self-represent on poor Esther?
Listen, dearest," she said, suddenly, her girlish form assuming a strange air of diguity as she spoke, form assuming a strange air of diguity as abe space,
"I would be willing to share any poverty, my
hardship with you. I would not care for sectation,
it you were with me, dear Basil, only for the shame,
and my mother's anger. Thas I cannot bear, "a

He could not but confess she was speaking truth he could not but honour the girl he so madly worshipped in his secret heart for her firmness is

right.

But the old, old selfish, imperious spirit of his rane was strong within him still, and the impatience of control was yet more impetuously fiving his veins than the love for that fair child girl.

"I seem to be baffled at every turn," he said, angrily. "Every one connected with me professes

to have the greatest possible affection, while they regularly full when put to the proof. I suppose you mean in plain English, Eisher, he continued, in a hard, cold voice, that pierced the poor girl's heart like cold steel, "I suppose you mean that you would be graciously pleased to marry me as the heise of a good estate and name, but that your lave would not endure any harder triat than such a terrible fate."

Poor Esther, she was divided between her own flery temper and the intense love that awallowed up all her former passions and items and feelings.

"Basil, you do me crhel injustice, and you know it," she said, proudly. "You know well what I mean, and if you can cherish such hard thoughts you had better not ever see me more—I must be unworthy of your love."

She made one slight movement to turn from him

mean, and if you can cherish such hard thoughts you had bester not ever see me more—I must be unworthy of your love."

She made one slight movement to turn from him and heall could detect the moisture in her eyes that her natural pride could not restrain, as she averted har head and drew away the hand he still hold.

"Esther, one moment?" he exclaimed, as he again chasped her fingers and strove to detain her, though she did not again permit the fond cares in which she had been believed. He are not my cown meater to set at my pleasure; nor would it avail angust to you if I were, to risk ruin and poverty and hardship for your life and mice. But I will sever decert my own gives bride. I will hide you, as if you will," he said, carnessly, "that I will never decert my own gives bride. I will hide you, as if were, in my hearts core. I will hide you, as if were, in my hearts core. I will hide you, as if were, in my hearts core. I will be true and heacurable to my darling if she will only trust me, if she will be patient and wait. But it were crushing misery for you to go away with this lawless recur and wender. I know not where—beyond all intercourse, all correspondence with ms. I could not bear it, Esther, though you seem to prefer it to running the slighthest risk.

There was little wonder if the gir? heart was touched, if she shrank from the parting with the lover so congenial with her in reducement and education and station, or different from the rude gipsy admirers that dared amenimes to make their unor-died homage visible.

"Basil's Basil' what can—what shall I' do?" she marmaured, unon again resting on his bosom. "Have pity on me. I am so ignorant and wask, and yot I know it is so—so very wrong. It would kill me in time with remorse."

Basil's lips opened to reply to the appeal.

ne in time with remorae."

Basil's lipa opsued to reply to the appeal.

But what would have been the common the intended? Whether his better nature would have prevailed over solidab love remained still a problem, for even at the moment there was a distinct rustling of leaves, a cautious step, that was evidently approaching the spot where the lovers stood.

And then Esther, after a monant's pause, as if actually paralyzed, darted away in an opposite direction, and flew rather than ran, till she was deep in the recesses of the wood, which had been, as much, their trysting-place, and all trace even of her progress loat to view.

Basil was scarcely a moment in besitating whether to attempt to follow her or to taxm in an opposite direction towards his home, but it was score attled for him by the agency of another.

Ere he had time to leave the apot a stalwart squre advanced toward biss with assum, forheidling frown.

advanced toward bim with assers; forbidding frown.
"Pray what have you to do with that young woman?" said the harsh voice of the gipsy faceb.

"I will trouble you, young sir, it have not along you may change to ree the day."

And there was a significant gesture in the wagning hands and the frowning bruw that more than

clenched the stern words.
"Pray by what right do you interfere?" asked

clonched the stern words.

"Pray by what right do you interfare?" asked Basil, angrily endeavouring to pass him as he spoke. "I see not to be dichated to by a wagsbood like you." Whether I am a wegahoud or not as of very little consequence," said the man, calmiy. "But I would speak rather of the girl than of you and me. If you mean wit to her you will suife for it, and if good it is out of your pawer to do it, and you are warned to have her alone?"

"And for what? What do you dare to meddle with in her case?" asked Basil, passionately. "Are you her father or macle?"

A gust of passion swept over the gipsy's face. "You may as well ask if I am her grandfather at once," he replied, bitterly. "You do not remained that a hard life and uncertain fare is not a remained that a hard life and uncertain fare is not of avourable to a man's looks as a soft, silken life life yours. But that is nothing to the purpose, I will contest. I only have to think of and protect her," he went on, asgerly, "and I will guard her from treachery and wrong at the cost of my very heart's blood," he went on, velocity of "Now you know my meaning, young nir, and you have yet to find that I am not to be crossed with ampunity."

"I decline, all farther parley with you. Standback!" repeated likell, mockingly.

"Rash boy, you know not what you are doing to feach me thus. It only confirms what I suspected," he wont on "and I shall acton that belief. Are you couring Esther in boucur? Do you mean to make her your wife?" he continued, sharply, turning one least his know, small black cyes.

"I shall not reply. I have nothing to do with you, fellow," exclaimed Basil, angrily.

"You would permit in this—you give me this for your reply?" continued Jacob, in a voice of concountrated passion.

d passion.

Cartainly," toplied Basil, even more contempta-y than before. "I have no other estimation to to a vagrant,"

a had scarcely ultered the words ere he repeated

He had scarcely effected the words are he repeated his rashuess.

A dark red flush mantled over the man's face. His hand fumbled at his side as if to seek some wapon. Then a cald, scornful sinite parted his ligs.

"It is wull," he said; "you are determined to tempt your fate, to dare the doom that has hung over your race. Be it so. I can take care of myself and of her. You may struggle at pleasure, but my hand is toe heavy, my tolls too keen for you to resist. Once more I give you the chance so escape what awaits you, and then my hands are clean whatever, but my hand to my hands are clean whatever, on your honeur not to see her more?"

"Never—at your relinquish Esther, and promise on your honeur not to see her more?"

"Never—at your bidding insolest manial," was the stern answer, given with a haughty superiority of mice that gave point and bitterness to his words. Jacob did not roply.

But his lips formed in a low, significant whistle that might express either consempt or a yet more important signal.

Busil Pomeroys turned away with a rapid, deter-

nt signal.

Busil Pomerovs turned away with a rapid, deter

mined step.

There was wrath in his heart, and perhaps a lurking anessiness beneath the anger of baffled passion and pride.

Yet what danger could there be for the heir of the stately castle which skirted Resemount Wood?

CHAPTER XIX

GENERAL PONEMOYS was occupying his usual post in the private library of the Castle that had been selected as his aitting-room by its present owner. His eyes were rivated on the letters and manuscripts that lay on the table before him; but his thoughts appeared far away, to judge from the abstracted look on his stern features, and the succonscious and nervous movement of his hands as they played with the objects before him.

And his lips moved, batinaudibly, and the secunds were rather like a welling groan than any move distinctly articulated words. Still, one word—more than one—could be distinguished from the nurmors,

an one—could be distinguished from the murmure d that word was the groun of sad memory: "Brother, brother! thou wils be aveuged."

There were French windows opening on the verandah-like baleony that ran along the whole side of the Castle where the private apartments of the

of the Castle ware the privace aparements of the family were situate.

Some said it had been the taste of the fate countess that had caused its creetion, but in any case it gave a charming outlet to the rooms and access from one to the other at the pleasure of the

access from one to the other at the pleasure of the owners.

General Pomeroys, however, was an exception to the raie that governed such visits of familiar affections and sympathy.

This room was tabooed, save on especial per-mission. And even Melanie, favoured as she was, seldom transgressed the law which reigned over the household.

was little wonder then if the stern, grave n who sat there thus engrissed nows dramed of intrusion, little wonder if he did not notice the elight moise that horalded the advent of an intruder, nor turned to asserted who could dare to break in on his solitude.

But he was startled all the more suddenly when a

"What is the general thinking of? Is it the long past, the present, or the future?"

He sprang as it were round in the large library

There was a tall, handsome woman wrapped in a large crimson clock, and with a broad black has tied under her chin that most effectually acrossed her

Sut he could distinguish a pair of bright, piercing coal-black syss; he could catch a general contour of a fine oval-snaped face and, well-proportioned figure; and the vefce wasse familiar to him that he had but to cast back one hasty glanes in the long vists of memory to determine who was the speaker, albeit she certainly was indeed unwelcome and even hateful to his troubled brait.

"Who are you?" he said, angrily, " and how did you gain admittance here? I will dismine the best you gain admittance here? I will dismine the best servant in my house if he has so disobyed my

orders."

"Do not trouble yourself, general," said the woman. "If you really are sincere in not appearing to know me I can soon satisfy you as to my identity. Surely you have not forgotten Lena, the gipsy who had such a part to play in the time of your brether's murder. Surely that epoch has not so soon faded, from your remembrance, and all that belongs to it."

so soon faded from your remembrance, and all that belongs to ft."

He evidently winced ander the questioning words and looks of the strange visitor, but his store self-control was not to be see easily disturbed, and he replied, with a more perfect sang-froid than Lena probably anticipated:

"You are right; my good woman. I am not likely to forget such a painful memory. If I remember aright it was on more than one occasion that you were obliged to give your evidence and clear yourself and your tribe from any suspicion in the matter?"

"Yes, and to clear others also."

the matter?"

"Yes, and to clear others also," said the woman, calmiy. "I had to swear to what I knew, and to what I believed to be possible, General Pomeroys. That was eighteen long years since, but I have forgottee nething that took piace then."

But what trings you here now? what have you to say at this distance of time?" said the general, impatiently. "I thought all that was due to you was amply, my, and more than sumply discharged. And yet you presume to intrude on me in this extraordinary fashion."

fashion."

spoke sternly, but still there was a very different in his voice and manner than reat an ent element in his voice and manner than real and unmixed anger would have sudneed. It was correspond the acorn and haughty indignation that this insult from a gipty would have produced in one so stern and passions.

and passionate.
"I have not come for reward," she said, in the same calm, numoved tones, "Only to say what is ame calm, numoyed tones, 'Only to say what is needful, to warn and inform you of what you purhaps are not aware. General, shall we be safe from being disturbed or overheard?" she added, looking round her, as she placed herself quietly in a

closing round her, as size placed herself quietly in a class wear her bost.

"Halt-un hour sines I should have said there was not the slightest ground for such an idea," said the general, coldly, "but now I can only express my belief that no one in my house dare to disobey my orders on that head. Go on; I do not care to be detained by any ridiculous tale," he continued, bitterly.

"Perhaps, not, and I will make mine as brief as even you can desire," she returned. "General, my orrand is for two purposes. In the first place I would sake you whether you have any idea who it is that has found a shelter is your house, and been nursed back to life by your nince?"

"I cely know his name. It is of little consequence to me," said this general. "I presume Sir Kenneth and heady Lenner can be trusted not to introduce any unfit person into my society."

Kenneth and Leay Lenner can be trusted not to introduce any unfit person into my sectety."

"Perhaps not, if they knew who he really is, or, I may say, if he bimself knew his real name and origin," she replied. "But a und is not the case. And it is no shame to him nor to them in the matter. But I knew it; I have traced it without the least doubt as to its traft. Will you promise on your honour as a gentleman not to betray the secret if I inform you who Eustace Neville really is?"

What is the use of telling me of what I am not

"What is the use of telling me of what I am not to avail myself?" he asked, dontingly.
"I did not say you were not to act on it. I merely domanded your promise not to act on it. I merely domanded your promise not to reveal the real name till I give you permission. But I leave it to you to send away this atrange guest as soon as he is fit to be moved, and to take such precautious, as may seem needful as to his intercourse with your nices."

nicca."

"My nicca!" he repeated, scornfully. "Do you suppose, woman, that Miss Pomeroys is likely to be influenced in any way by an obscure stranger like this wanderer? No, I have far different views for her, and so she has, I cannot doubt, for herself, She knows her duty to me and her own position better than such folig," he went on, haughtily.

Less laughed scornfully.

"Perhaps you may be right," she said; "but of one-thing you may be sawared, general. The views to width you aliade will never—must never be carried out!"

He absolutely started now.

earried out?"

He absolutely started now.
"Woman, are you date?" he said, "or dare you impose such fictions on me or yourself? This is midsummer madness, with a vengeance."
"Searcely so, good sir," she returned, "if you will fisten to me I think I can prove to you that I am sane, and perhaps more so than yourself. First,"

she continued, "I will prove to you my knowledge of what I am saying by mentioning the real name of the young man now in your house. Farden me," she went en, with the air of a princess, as she bent down and whispered in his ear a mano that seemed to have some extraordinary majo in it.

He stared round with an almost ghastly pallor on

the spacer.

"Are you jesting?" he said. "Can it be true, or only an insolant, graef falsohood?".

"On my faith, on the faith of all that is sacred in a gipsy a creed, I will swear it is you will," she said, in a tone and with a manner that could heave no dealth.

in a tone and with a manner that cottld leave no doubt of her sincerity.

"And does he know fi? How dare he come hither?" asked the general.

"He had no idea of the kind; he may naver even hear the name. I know that it is at least a scoret to him at present," was the firm reply.

And General Pomoroys gave a deep sigh of relief at the words that betrayed the terror he had been enduring to the keen-sighted companion.

"You are certain of this—you do not deceive me?" he said, earcely.

he said, eagerly.

"I am; bet, mark me, general," she continued,
"I am equally aware of the impossibility that your
niese, the daugitier of your murdered brother, can
ever marry your son. And, what is more," she
continued, "shell not."

continued, "shall not."

"Shall not!" repeated her hearer, scornfully.

"Yes, shall not "she said. "Mark me, sir, I have thought long and anxiously of the past. I have kept a deep and burdensums secret for years, and it will be still hidden in my breast sill it dies with me in the grave, unless you make it necessary for me to reveal it to the world. And I need soarcely remind. revent is to the world. And I need searcely remind you that there are circumstances and arrangements which we all outrage the very meekest mind to a pitch of desperation. Do not force me to the revelation of what I already know, and more that I suspect? She went on, significantly.

The general was silent for a time.

"But it ought not—it need not," he said. "My, dearest with is for my son to give to his count the

"But it ought not—it need not," he said. "My dearest wish is for my son to give to his cousin the right to preside as mistress of this castle, as the mother of the future heirs to this setate. Lens, what can I do now to stone to her for her bereavement? What greater blessing can I confer on my only son? Y ou know all, you say. You are able to judge of what I do, what I desire; at least bestow on me the sympathy, the 'counsel that I would seem to ask or to expect from others."

the sympathy, the counsel that I would seem to ask or to expect from others."

Lens shock her head with a half-sad, half-questioning expression in her features.

"The proud, long-descended general deigns to speak as an equal to the gipsy!" she said. "It is a strange phase in human life, but death and the grave make us all equal, and I can understand that there is a hardon too lensy area, for the stranger. a barden too heavy even for the strongest endere alone," she went on, meditatively. "1 general, it cannot be; your son shall not marry Melanie Pomeroys. If you persist in that wild scheme, I shall have no alternative but to reveal the truth."

Do you wish her to wed this stranger?" he asked,

scornfully.

"No," was the firm reply. "If you are wise, and will enter into my terms, no such marriage shall take place. There is always a bar that would divide a pair standing at the altar, where your nices and Eustace Neville are concerned. Cyril Pomeroya, you would be foiled in all were his son to marry the fair heiress of the wealth left by your murdered brother. The dowry is one fit for a princess. It shall be still safe and st your disposal, under certain conditions,"

conditions."

"And those, what are they?" she asked.

Lone hesitated, she really appeared to shrink from
revealing her full views.

She cleared her throat, her lips parted, then
closed again, as if she could starcely venture to
pronounce the words that trembled on her tengue.

Then at last she draw her chair nearer to the starn
parter of the Chails.

paster of the Castle.

"The condition is a very simple one," she said, in a hushed, choked voice. "I daim the right to choose a tride for your son, to place a mistress at the Castle, under your full approval and wel-

The general stared at her in dumb surprise. His

eyos literally glared on the unmoved face.
But just as he seemed to find words to answer the
bold proposal there was a report of fire-arms in the
near neighbourhood of the Castle, and both the
speakers started in surprise.

(To be continued.)

STREET FOR BELLS.—At the recent meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute, one of the speakers, with the obvious consensus of the other members present

among whom were some of our most eminent met-tallurgists, spoke confidently of the prospect there appeared of steel being manufactured as easily and cheaply from the ore as iron is now. In that event the former will probably be much more generally employed in uses to which the latter and other results are at present commonly put. Sked has of employed in uses to which the latter and other metals are at present commonly put. Steel has of late years been employed occasionally for bells, and we learn from the German "Elberfelder Zoitung" that three cast-steel bells which fell at the burning of the church of the German reformed community at St. Petersburg have again been hung, and are found to be none the worse for several hours' endurance of a furnace-like heat. One of these bells, which was cast at the Bochunsroversins factory, has historic antecedents. It was presented to the St. Petersburg community after the isvasion of Denmark by the King of Prussis; and now that it has been again hung, it is proposed to change its name from King William, which it formerly bore, to the Emperor William.

"KNICK-KNACKERY."

Among the new industries of the present century may surely be counted that extensive trade in knick-knackery which has resulted from the prevalent fashion of distributing small gifts in celebration of various occasions. There have been ages of gold, various occasions. There have now arrived at the age of ormolu. Ingenuity has been exhibited, indeed, not merely in the invention of the new toys for the adult, but in discovering fresh opportunities for bestowing them upon all and sundry. Such old-fashioned festivals as those of Christmas and the nastioned restreats as those of Christmas and the New Year have been insufficient; Valentine's Day, the First of April, and Eastertide are now pressed into the service, and provide excuses for the diffusion of knick-knacks.

of knick-knacks.

In lieu of, or accompanying, the tender verses with which time out of mind lovers have woosd their mistresses on the 14th of February in every year, certain delicate specimens of the knick-knack industry are now proffered the fair, while Passions d'Avril and Easter eggs find representation in a like manner. Fanciful trifles, gilded and gleaming, especially devised to seem other than they really are, for the hatterfy is always a nearwing in discussion. especially devised to seem other than they really are, for the batterfly is always a penwiper in disguise, the miniature porcupine is in truth a pincushion, while the ornamental forms assumed by matchbaxes to conceal the homeliness of their origin and object are quite past counting—these, of course, attend regularly upon birthdays; but the approach of a wedding is perhaps the surest signal for the desegnat of quite a shower of knick-knacks. The friends and relatives of the afficured hair even printed by relatives of the affanced pair seem animated by a fixed resolve that all that ormolu can do to make them happy shall certainly be done; and that their future lives shall, at any rate, never know what it is to be without chimney ornaments and table decora-

Of course the fashion is harmless enough, and is founded upon the sentiment of kindliness that is, in-deed, entitled to respect. It is easy enough to con-temn knick-knackery, and to insist upon its near relationship to gimorackery; but, after all, a few more or less of these little tokens of affection and regard, these "gilded bugs" of presents, cannot matter very much. And prudent people have been known to establish an informal kind of traffic in the known to establish an informal kind of traffic in the gifts they receive; not, of course, parting with them for laure, but passing them on to friends entitled to look for such small presents at their hands. In this way a knick-knack may enjoy considerable circulation, obtain entrance in many houses, until, being of ormolu or steel, its radiance has altogether departed; or, being of glass or china, it has been irremediably chipped or cracked; or until, indeed, like those curses which are said to come home to roost, or a convict who has served his period of exile, it makes its way back to the place it started from. It cannot its way back to the place it started from. It cannot be affirmed that any system exists of amassing knick-knacks, as china is collected, or sunff-boxes. fans, etchings, or insects: yet something of this kind may happen eventually. Johnson's defence of the virtuoso class would certainly beat the service of such a collector

such a collector.

"Those who lay out time or money in assembling matter for contemplation," writes the "Rambler," "are doubtless entitled to some degree of raspect, though in a flight of gaiety it be easy to ridicule their treasure, or in a fit of sullenness to despise it." Nevertheless, men of different studies and professions are advised to be prepared for a constant "reciprocation of reproaches." "The collector of shells and stones derides the folly of him who pastes leaves and flowers upon paper, pleases himself with colours that are perceptibly fading, and amasses with care what cannot be preserved. Every man is inclined not only to promote his own study, but to exclude all others from regard, and having heated

his imagination with some favourite pursuit, wonders that the rest of mankind are not seized with the same

COMING BACK.

You are coming back soon! Yes, coming backBut who ever came back and found things unchanged? Stray along the streets of your native
town, you will find a change. Here and there a
house missing, or a new one in its place. Wander
out to the old farmhouse, embowered in green trees
and wild-rose bushes. Do you not miss a tree here
and a rosebush there, the flower beds changed and
altered? Enter the house; sit down in the familiar
room. Find you it changed? Ah, yes! There is
a picture missing from the wall, a weet face from
the household band; all things are changed, and
you most of all. Call up before you the forms and
faces of those you loved in the beautiful past. Can
you succeed? Ah, no! 'tis a pale phantom that
you hug to your breast. Was it wise in you, this
coming back?

Nothing on this earth can make up for the separ-

coming back?

Nothing on this earth can make up for the separation between those we love. They may meet you again; but they can never be as they were; there is a void, a change somewhere.

again; but they can never be as they were; there is a void, a change somewhere.

Long absence, like a great misfortune, has in itself a recoiling power. You may go away poor and unknown, and come back with the wealth of fame upon your brow, the golden bowl of fortune in your grasp, and the honours of the world resting on you; but the power to enjoy your laurels may have perished, and all that would have made it swest be turned to bitterness and blight! Alas! you have lost more than you have gained! "What matters it if a man gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" There are more soul losses besides that of intemperance; losses which no earthly prosperity ever can make up; losses made more melancholy than any wreok of material fortune; and it is these losses which make "coming back" so sad a thing.

ARCTIC ANIMAL LIFE

THE Esquimaux are in the habit of catching sharks both with nets, baited with salt meat, and with a hook and line. They are hunted for the sake of the oil which is expressed from their livers, and with a hook and line. They are hunted for the sake of the oil which is expressed from their livers, and for a substance very much like spermacsti, which is obtained under pressure from their flesh. Sir Leopold M'Cliutock says the Esquimaux assert that the shark is insensible to pain and that Petersen, who was his interpreter in the voyage of the "Fox," related how he had plunged a long knife into the head of one which was feeding on a white whale entangled in his net, but that the brute continued its repast notwithstanding. As Sir Leopold rehead of one which was feeding on a white whale entangled in his net, but that the brate continued its repast notwithstanding. As Sir Leopold remarks, it must be remembered that the brain of a shark is extremely small compared with the size of its lauge head, and he says that he himself has seen bullets fired through them with very little apparent effect, but that if these creatures can feel, the devices practised upon them by the Esquimant must be cruel indeed. The dogs of the hunters are not allowed to eat either the skin or the head, the former being very rough, and the latter producing gidditiess and sickness.

The cetaceans in many respects may be classed with laud animals. Their skin is smooth, and in some cases covered with hair, not easly like that of fish; their blood too is warm, and their fiesh tastes somewhat like beef, and they give suck to their young. Being also provided with a heart, ventricles, and lungs, they cannot, like fish can through their gills, separate the air from the water, and therefore must come to the surface to breathe. Still, they can inhale sufficient air to last them for a long time under water, and herein they differ from land animals.

land animals.

land animals.

The largest of these cetaceans is the whale, of which species the spermaceti whale is the biggest. It is found, indeed, off the coasts of North America, but is more common in the Antarctic than in the Arctic regions. The great Greenland whale is the one most sought for by the whalers of Baffin's Bay, for healths heins commoner, it yields a much one most sought for by the whalers of Baffli's Bay, for, besides being commoner, it yields a much greater amount of oil, though that of a spermaceti whale, as its name implies, is mixed with the substance called spermaceti, and is therefore the more valuable. Besides this, ambergrie is also obtained from the spermaceti whale. The rasorback whaie is also much larger than the great Greenland whale, and is a very powerful monster. So much so, that the Arotic hunters, as a rule, fight shy of it. There are various other kinds of whale of a smaller description, among which we may mention the broadnosed whale, the beaked whale, and the finner, which are sometimes found off Norway and Shetland; but as they do not yield much oil, they are not thought worth the killing.

Narwhals, or sea-unicorns, so called from the horn which projects from the upper jaw, are seen in great numbers in Bafflia's Bay during certain seasons, especially just before they begin to travel

northwards in March. Their fisah is considered a great luxury by the Esquimax, as also is the skin, which acts as an anti-scorbatic. The object of the horn is a disputed point, for while its point is too blunt for offence, it is well polished for about four inches, and the rest usually covered with alime and seaweed, so that it is conjectured that it must be employed either to root up food from the bottom of the sea, or else to drive out small fish from the clefts and fissures of floating ice, where they take refuge when pursued by their enemy the narwhal.

from the clefts and fissures of floating 100, where they take refuge when pursued by their enemy the narwhal.

We will now touch upon the manner of capturing the walrus and seal, which are the two chief objects of pursuit to the natives of Greenland during the winter months.

Aristotle remarked, and he has since been corroborated, that a variety of plover enters the crocodile's mouth, and picks the remnants of food off the animal's tougue and from between its teeth. This living toothpick is necessary, as the tongue of the crocodile's mot mobile. The Mexican cwl, when enjoying a siests, puts itself under the guard of a kind of rat, that gives the alarm on the approach of danger. Parasites are everywhere, depend on no peculiar condition of the body, and are as abundant in persons of the most robust as of the most debilitated health. They are at home in the muscles, in the heart, in the ventricles of the brain, in the ball of the cyc. They are generally either in the form of a leaf or a ribbon, and are not necessarily, as was once supposed, confined to a special animal. The parasites of fish have been detected living in the intertines of birds; and there are some that, for the purpose of developing, must pass into the secondary of a second animal.

Like the estaceans, these animals, though able to take in a sufficient quantity of air to last them, for a considerable time, still have to come up occasionally to breathe, and it is this circumstance of which the hunter takes advantage. The walrus only rises at the edge of the floe in open water, and is hunted with spears, to which are attached lines carrying inflated scalaking, intended for the double purpose of impeding the animal in diving, and of preventing the loss of the spear.

The Esquimanu are so very venturesome in hunting this animal, that they will even go out on floating places of its eaffer: The seal, however.

of impeding the animal in diving, and of preventing the loss of the spear.

The Eaquimant are so very venturesome in hunting this animal, that they will even go out on floating pieces of ice after it. The seal, however, when it can find an open piece of water, will burrow up through the ice to get to the air, making a small hole on the surface of much the same size and appearance as a molehill. The manner of taking them requires a considerable amount of patience and and endurance, for when a hunter hears a seal at work under the ice, he first builds a snow wall, some four feet high, to protect him from the wind, and then sitting down to lesward of it, proceeds to wait for the seal to reach the surface—a weary watch, which sometimes extends to twelve hours.

When by the seal's blowing the hunter knows that it is close to the surface of the ice, he takes his spear in both hands and drives it down into the animal with all his might, having previously fastened the rope attached to it round his body. He has only then to cut away the thin ice all round to get the carcase out. Another way of killing seals is by approaching them under cover of a small white acreen, mounted on a little sledge, which is pushed by the sportsman before him. In this manner they can be approached within easy shot, but of course, as in this case they must be either in the water or upon the surface of the ice, and as during the depth of winter there is little open water likely to be found near the ships—this plan will not be practicable then.

Bi by Still W

Poisoning occurred lately at Stettin. On the day before Whit Sanday a shoemaker bought a felt hat After wearing it, although it did not press on his head, he had a severe headache, and an eruption appeared, attended with swelling on his forelead, proceeding to suppuration at some parts. The eyes also became inflamed and almost closed, and the walling avantaged more or less over the whole face.



LTHE EXILED QUEEN.]

WINIFRED WYNNE:

THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER

"The Lost Coronet," "One Sparkle of Gold," etc.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand.
Foar not to touch the best;
The truth shall be thy warrant,
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie;
And if they do reply,
Still give them all the lie.

And give the world the lis;
And if they do reply,
Still give them all the lis.

"MINTERES WINTERED, her majesty has need of you," said an attendant, entering hastily the room where the girl was as manal diligently engaged in her acoustomed duties. "And," he added, "it were wise to attend her instantly, since there appears some distemperature in her mien which does at times agitate her beyond control."

Winifred comprehended the man's meaning, since, although her favour with Queen Anne had been unvarying during her brief term of services, yet there had been at times outbursts of irritation that fleeded patient sweetres to encounter them with judgment and encoes.

But the goldsmith's de ghter had been well schooled in far severer trials than the passing injustice and irritability of a kindly monarch, and it rarely happened that the petulance outlived the passing moment where the gentle young secretary was concerned.

The girl hastily secured her papers from any prying eye and left the room with a rapid step to obey the royal command.

But it scarcely seemed that even that promptitude had been satisfactory, for Anne started round as the door opened with a displeased impatience in her whole mien.

"You are a laggard this morning, Winifred Wynne," she said, angrily. "Methinks you should have postponed all else to obey our pleasure."

"I were sadly robel and ingrate else, madam," returned the girl, softly.

"Hal it is best to confess rather than defend your shortcomings," said the queen, more gently. "And in this case I have little leisure for mere railing. There is news which has disturbed me from abroad, and which is confirmed but too surely by evil reports at home. Winifred, the queen must meet all those with the courage and coolness that a sovereign must wear on her face, if not in her heart, but the woman—the sister—daughter—will assert a more natural mode of feeling and action. And I,

alas, am very weak in such matters. I was rather intended for a merchant's wife than a reigning queen in troublous, disturbed times."

And the voice fairly quivered, in spite of every effort to speak with firmness and regal dignity.

Winifred stood in reverent silence.
She had more than once discovered that these moments of confidential smotion were precisely the occasions that needed especial reticence and respect on her part to the soft-hearted queen.

"It is a grief to those who are admitted to your majesty's confidence," she said, at length. "It is hard that such unmerited trials should oppress your gracious nature. Is there any service that I, in my weakness, can do?" she went on. "At least I can be true and silent, if I have no other power."

"Yes, I believe it—or I should not trust you as I do," returned the queen. "It is all different with even my most beloved ladies about the court. Your youth, your very separation from the jealuasios and the intrigues of such life, gives me a distinct feeling where you are concerned. And," she added, looking earnestly at the girl's expressive face, "I do not think I shall repent. You will not decive me, you will not destroy my confidence in my sex—in youth and innocence, Winifred?"

"Never—so help me Heaven!" returned the girl, solemnly and reverently.

And the queen believed the low, calm tones in which the words were pronounced far more implicitly than the most violent assertions on her part.

plicity than the most violent assertions on her part.

"Well, well—it is no use wasting time on useless preliminaries," she said, at length. "It is enough that you have never deceived me, and that I trust you from my very heart. I cannot help so doing and, if I am in error, may Heaven forgive and help me," continued the saidened voice that more than aught else touched Winifred on her behalf.

Again there was a pause, broken at last by the queen herself.

Again there was a pause, broken at last by the queen herself.

"We will dismiss all these doubts and fears, and proceed to the real object of my summons," she returned, with a more dignified and resolved air. "Wniffred, it is needless to inform you of the precise nature of the tidings which have reached me. It is enough that they are in themselves disquicting; the more so, because I greatly fear those who are now acting so imprudently are encouraged to do so by the mistakes and misunderstandings of others. Yet I am helpless to interfere openly in the business. I can but notice as a queen the disloyalty of my subjects, or the troublous rebellion of my—of those who have been rejected by them. Now do you comprehend; Winifred?"

"I think-nay, I am certain that I do," was the

"I think—nay, I am certain that I do," was the calm reply.

"Very well. Then the next thing is to consider what can be done—what action be taken to prevent this evil that brings bloodshed and misery in its train," resumed the queen, surveying the girl eagerly. "Have you courage to undertake any such mission, poor child?"
Winifred's face lighted up.

"Yes, oh, yes. Anything would be better than such unhappy doubt and uncertainty," she exclaimed, eagerly.

"That is well. Then the rest can, I think, need little discussion. It is the will that is needed. The means will be quickly found. Have you ever been abroad, my child?" she asked, suddenly.

"Never, madsm, never."

And perhaps the remembrance of Adrian Meister and all conhected with him brought a transient shiver to her frame.

"Never, madam, never."

And perhaps the remembrance of Adrian Meister and all conhected with him brought a transient shiver to her frame.

"That will be of little account in some respects," observed the queen. "Although the habits of foreigners may differ widely from ours, you, at your are, can have very little difficulty in conforming to them. Would you fear being left to your own resources, Winifred, if I sent you on a mission where privacy and secrecy were the only—or, at least, the chief requisites?"

"I could fear nothing in your service, gracious madam," was the quiet reply.

"I believe you; and, what is more, I do not think you would have cause, unless from some grievous mistake," returned the queen. "What I would propose is, that you should leave England with one attendant, and in the most ordinary and unpretending manner. Still, I shall endeavour to arrange that you will never be totally out of my protection even when out of my dominions. Do you understand?"

"Certainly, your majesty. But it is not in the least probable that such oversight would be needed," she replied. "I am too insignificant to be in much danger."

"I know not that," returned the queen. "In any case, I will not have any reproach on my conscience on your behalf. It will be best for you to assume another name, and take a dress that will be even more unpretending as your ordinary attire. And besides your companion, I will have means taken to ensure your rescue in case of any unexpected evils or suspicions occurring to obstruct your progress."

"And what will be my destination, gracious madam?" asked the girl, timidly.

"Can you not guess? Some things are better understood than spoken," returned the queen.

"Can you not imagine where I may have the wish to send caution and good wishes, and yet fieroe

ha full km to it the for she it fee me it fee mo km the at

properties of the second secon

threats, without there being the least chance of discovery and betrayal? Now, should you under-take the mission, there would need only the tablets of your brain to answer what I would say. There need be no risk in documents and letters, even in cypher, that might prove from whom came the ominous warning to the rash, impulsive exiles of my

Winifred paled at the idea. It bere too respectible and doubtful a character even for her bra

Who would believe her, young and humbly born and inexperienced, even were she to state the object of her mission, and from whom it came? It would but end in shame, if not danger and punishment. "Gracious madam, surely it were useless with such entire absence of credentials and documents,"

"tractous madas, ancey it was bestess with such entire absence of credentials and documents," she faltered.

"You have one passport of your own. If I am not mininformed, the token given you by poor Mary of Modens," observed the queen, significantly, "and I will supply you with a token that cannot well be resisted nor misunderstood. All that may be safely left in my hands for arrangement," she went on, with some reproof in her tone. "It only remains for you to accode to my request." "Willingly, gladly, madam, if it is in my power to requise in the humblest degree your gracies kindness," returned the gist.

And that moment sailed the whole plan, whether for good or evil.

"And have you a suitable compenses for the journey?" said the queen, after a measure. "I have the trusty and kindly when we have the rusty and kindly when we have a suitable compenses. The trusty and kindly when we have a suitable compenses. "I have the trusty and kindly when we have a suitable compenses. "I have the trusty and kindly when we have the proposedings and accompany me, may it please our rangesty."

"Then all may quickly be acted, and the sooner you start the belien," observed the queen. "It will more effectually present any apping on your proceedings and sarry one my object with needful promptness. Can get he reads to start in three days from the start of the queen, thoughtfully, gazing on the sweet fonce of her young favouring. "And, on the sweet fonce of her young favouring. "And, on the sweet fonce of her young favouring." "And, on the sweet fonce of her young favouring." "And, on the sweet fonce of her young favouring."

speedily settled."

"So be it," said the queen, thoughtfully, gasing on the sweet face of her young favourite. "And, please Heaven, I am not doing wrong by exposing you to any real danger, mignonne. I shall miss your young presence, your caim, gastle ways, your unfailing obedience to my beheats. But it need not be for long. You can raturn to me as seen as your errand is fulfilled, unless some argent cause for your lingering presents itself. Not I hardly think, you will listen to any selfias pleading that would detain you from your queen if she sommands your return?" added the soversige, wistfully.

"Nothing, madam, nothing but dire necessity. Be assured if I be not at my pest in the very hour you may have assigned it will be from some unforced cause; not from my own will," said the girl, firmly.

And Anne Stuart accepted the pleage as undoubtingly as it was offered by the carnest young adherent of her house.

"Thanks, thanks, my good Darces. I did not So be it," said the queen, thoughtfully, gazing

"Thanks, thanks, my good Doreas. I did not doubt your loving seal in my service," said Winifred, when, some hour or so later, she informed her faithful domestic of the proposed journey. "And yet I wall know all the trouble and miffering that you are thus going to encounter for my sake."

"Well, it is not with my good will, Mistress Winifred," said Doreas, firmly. "But still it would be worse to think of you, a young slip of a damsel, venturing to foreign parts without any one to take thought nor heed about you, and, truth to tell, I'm not cortain that I could rest in seen my own land without the sight of ye to gladden my heart, my sweet mistress. So where you go Doreas goes, till you have some stronger arm to lean upon than hers, and them maybap I'd be in the way like a troublesome old waif of past days."

"Never, never, dear, good friend, my second mother!" avalamed Winifred, throwing her arms round the substantal form of the domestic. "From this time we will never part, unless by your own desire, for methinks you are more likely to find a homestead and a husband than over I will be, Doreas."

"But-but my bachelors are dead or walded long.

Dorcas,"
"But—but my bachelors are dead or welded long
since," returned the woman, albeit her apple-dried
cheek rather warmed at the propheng. "I'd be an
ald fool to dream of much things at my time of life,

mistress mine.

matress mine."

It was a singular destiny that preserved to the goldsmith's daughter for the sole and staunch friends of her solitary orphanhood the royal lady on the throne of her native land and the humble but true-hearted attendant in her deceased father's house. All also had turned from her on their respective

paths, unmindful of the memories of the past or

CHAPTER XLIX

CHAPTER XLIX.

"Is the Counters Sylal sware that I am waiting for her to take my socustomed exercise?" swedther or led Mary of Modens, who in her mimic state was yet striving to keep up the pressing and cursions of royalty, albeit each day seemed at once to diminish the means of the present and the prospects of the future in the judgment of the less sanguine of the adherents of the exiles.

"The counters has been slightly independ this morning, medam," said the waiting means, who was herself of no mean birth. "But she is hasking all in her power to atone for the undertained clay. She will not be many minutes are she all attend you, may it please your highness."

"Then hid har join us at the fairing herse. I will walk slowly thisher. Bounct can stend at some leaser distance, in case I med any service."

The woman retired, with a law exertsay, and flary of Modens, after a brief passes, suppedent from the apartment on one of the hearing has an also by took her way along its seak to the self-from which she passed through a gate into measured but not less stately and heartiful grant has immediately surrounded the mannion.

Perhaps the beauty and the santiful grant him immediately surrounded the mannion.

Perhaps the beauty and sead for the access we not familiar, or even, from long hinbit, almost distantial to the banished green.

A palece were of little charm to a grant produce of a surrounded the mannion.

By the surrounded the mannion.

By the diseptent means and her stop remember and alow, as a he moved along, and neither dependence on console for confinement to its self.

Many sayes were downeast, and her stop remember attention from desper and sadder topics.

Bitter diseppendencements and baseless hopes had succeeded seen after a waiting in her service of the actendant of the charms of nature around.

By the diseppendencement and sadder topics.

Bitter diseppendencement and sad

the charms or nature around.

Even Sybil, she thought, even Sybil de Courey, seemed somewhat lagging in her service of lake.

Perhaps she should wears out all her adherents even while the fate of the dynasty was still in

It was certainly true that Sybil had been stra It was certainly true that Sybil had been strangely dull and quiet, and even ailing, of late. But Mary was scarcely yet so long part youthful feelings as to ignore the deeper wound that had scathed her young attendant's viracity, and depressed every source of hope and enthusians for the fature in connection with the same that had for a time bound her and Clarance Saymour in a close and tender link.

bound her and Clarence Saymour in a close and tender link,
"What next-what will be next?" was her half-murmared observation as she entered the fishing-house, without even raising her eyes to see whether it was unbeanated.

It was age is deed for any one to presume on any entrance to Mary's, favourite resect, save, indeed, those most closely connected with her or whose duty it was to prepare the apartment for her resention.

reception.

It was therefore with no small surprise and even terror that she perceived a figure darkening the light from the window, and after a moment's examination, perceived that it was the shadow of a young and lovely fomals, who stood wish timid yet unshrinking firmness without any attempt at

retreat.

Mary could searcely be alarmed, but she was perhaps rather resentful at the liberty thru taken with her favourite and peculiar apartment, and she somewhat haughtily demanded of the young intruder her name and the right by which she ventured to enter upon a private and privileged

ventured to enter upon a private and privileged apos.

"In truth, young mistress, you had no right to come into this park at all without especial leave or some business with the officials, or cles a presentation to curself," she said, unconsciously assuming the royal "we," in her proud indignation at the freedom thus taken with her queenly right in this her miniature kingdom.

The girl courtesied with low and graceful respect, that seakedly betckened the presumption which lidary of Modena laid to her charge.
"I must plead guilty, may it please you, madam, to having ventured hither without any special leave or licence. But I think—I am certain that my errand will plead my pardon, and that your highness will yourself more than acquit me of any imprudence in taking this means of securing an audience without any more formal application."

Many of Modena started painfully.

In spite of her long-practused self-control, it was

impossible for one in her hazardous position not to shrink from every new and unlooked-for ec-

And though there was assuredly no very terrible aspect in the fair young visitant, yet, she could scarcely doubt that some especial pretext must said for the freedom thus taken by one so utterly

acarcaly doubt that some especial pretext must saist for the freedom thus taken by one so utterly maknown.

"It is a liberty to which we are unaccustomed, and will need some real and sufficient reason for its cocurrence," the replied with the same stately reserve as she had before practised. "And if you have any private tidings to communicate, or favour to ack, I will counsel you to be heigh. It is not my make the best of the property of the same stately reserve as a private tidings to communicate, or favour to ack, I will counsel you to be heigh. It is not my make a that there was not time for delay, and she best same knee before the seat which the exiled queen had taken, and began rapidly to speak.

"Makem, I come from the casen," also said. "The message I have to deliver was for your private acr, and I will trust to your gracious seat, and I will trust to your gracious the remaining the private save myself."

"These the Princess Anne, I presume you would my interrupted Mary, hastly. "We know no make save myself."

"The makem from the case of the private the reigning monarch, whatever may be care cautiments," said Winfred, firmly. "And it ack your indulgence, since in this case moments are precious and kitles of but limit each your favour would be the same proof have you? What letters have

he are sentiments," said Winifred, firmly. "And a design I will sak your indulgence, since in this was moments are precious and titles of but little seath."

"But what proof have you? What letters have you to deliver, young mistress? I would not doubt your tents, but still where weighty matters are more red it is needful to be caution." "started Mary, in a cather subdued toos. "Surely you have some to but to matter you for you have some to but to make a build winifred. "There is a ring from the Green Anae, that the deemed you would resemble as a royal just each which she desired me to deliver into your hands."

Mary examined the lower carefully.

"It is tree, "he said," I remember this as one of the casket of jewels which was given by my beloved inshead to his daughter Anne; but how it is that you have obtained it is still another question to be answered. It seems to me strange that no letters should be sent, and that the princess should have chosen a young, inexperienced girl like you, who are according past childhood, for her mission."

A sad smile crossed the girl's face.

that no letters should be user, and that the princess should have chosen a young, inexperienced girl like you, who are scarcely past childhood, for her mission."

A sad smile crossed the girl's face.

"Alas, slar! madam, age is not slways to be counted by years. I have known too much and too serious grief to fear my youth. And even your highness could teatify that I was trustworthy many long years since."

She drew from her bosom the locket that had been given her on the night of the queen's escape by Mary herself.

And the criled sowereign gased in utter wonder and bewilderment at the jewel.

"Can it be?" she said. "Is it possible? Tou the heave child that risked so much? that displayed such cool bravery on that terrible nights—Child, the memory of you has ever been present with me, shough I did barely see your features in their childish beauty. And you have known trouble, you tell me, albeit even now your years can scarcely amount to the earliest woman's age."

Winifeed pressed the locket to her lips as Mary restored it to her:

"It is tree, madam, too tsue," she said. "I have suffered much since your and misfortunes, but it is not the time to dwell on my insignifenset affairs when the interests of a kingdom are conserted. Can I safely speak freely, madam?"

Mary howed her head.

"Yes, there are no untimely followers near an emiled family, and I know none save Countees Sybil de Courcy who will be likely to intrude on my privacy," she answered, glanning sround.

"Then, madam, I will speak. The Queen Anne ontreats you, for your own sake, rather than her own, to abatain from any needless and fatal endeavours to regain the throne. She dases not even risk any personal communications from herself, so closely is she surrounded and watched in all that she may do since the throne as supplied to deliver her earnest counsel and psayer."

Mary's lips outed somewhat disdainfully.

"Methinks I can in some measure comprehend the tactice of my deceased husband's daughter, where examined the man of the form aughtern, and it w

rapid and passionate atterance of her country and

Winifred calmly listened.

mer nature.

"Your highness is, it may be, right," she said,
"perfectly right as to the circumstances, but I must
presume to say not as to the inctives of the good
and kindly queen. True it is, madam, that she
would greatly prefer the succession of your royal con
to that of an alien, and that it is her anxious desire,
that there should be no disturbing rising now.
Eut from my very heart I believe as if it were my
own feelings and devices of which I were speaking,
from my very heart I am convinced that could she
lay down the crown that has brought her little happiness she would do so without a pang, ay, and it
may be with a real relief could she thus transfer
it to the head of its rightful heir."

There was a passionate eagerness in the girl's
manner, an unshrinking truth in her face which
had some weight in convening the doubting, resembful nature of the queen as to her sincerity and her
knowledge.

had some weight in convincing the doubting, resentful nature of the queen as to her sincerity and her
knowledge.

"It may be se. I can see that you believe it
to be so, young mistress," she replied. "But still
it is but a very fragile thread to hang by, when
the sole prospect the queen can hold out is to wait
for the temper of the nation at her death. Way,
she may outlive not only myself but even...."

She stopped, conscious parhaps that she was
almost oom setting a blunder in the idea of the
failure of the line of the direct the kand of fate,"
replied the girl. "Heaven alone direct the issues
of life and death, and guides all the destinies of
monarchs at pleasure. Still, in my poor judgment
it were worse so to forestal and invitate the popular
feeling in England as to ruin every chance either
now or hereather. Lady," ahe added, carnestly,
kneeling once more at the queen's feet, "can you
not trust in the queen's soleran woods. She knows
all the state alute of her court, her ministers and
the hation. Do you believe her false and prejudiced
at the same time, to doubt her words?"

Many's head drooped pensively.

"Alse, alas!" she said, "I fear, I greatly feat
that your words are too true. It has been a gloomy
proupest since Lord Clarence Seymour failed in his
promises and his said. We did, in all truth and confidence, depend on his power and counsel as to his
compears in England and the sister country. And
now he is but a diagraced criminal, whose very
name will tring discredit on a cause rather than
help."
Winifeed's cheek flushed.

now he is out a diagraced crimmat, whose very name will bring discredit on a cause rather than help."

Winifred's cheek flushed.
"Nay, madam, believe it not, think it not," she said, eagesty. "If the Lord Clarence did so it was but from his seal for your service. At least, such was the belief of all who knew him best, it was that the mency for which he risked so much was to be devoted to your cause."

"If so, only a small pertion of the wealth arrived at its destination," retarned the queen, scenfully. "But I must confess in all candour that it was said the remainder was detained by the agent through whom it should have peased. However, enough of that, it has, little to do with our present purpose. Say to the Princess Anne that we will consider carefully the counsel and the information she has taken this mode of forwarding to us. And in any event her conscience will be guilt-less, we may hope, if your attestation be correct. She has warned us, and we accept with frank gruttude the mission as it was intended. And for you, loved midden, you have twice carned your revergings gratitude, and if the day over come when it can be proved you shall not find Mary of Modena less kindly and generous than the Anne Stuart for whom you have pledged yourself so boldly. Now, I would counsel you to depart, if it is the Princess Anne's pleasure that you should preserve secrecy in your mission."

And Winifred, with calar and is night be chilling and saddesed dignity of mise, ocuriested low, and took her leave of the Chatcau de St. Germains.

CHAPTER L

"While, Mistress Winifred; here we are, and a misseable place enough it is. I can't for my whole life understand why you came hither, unless you wanted to fall in once more with Maeter Adrian, whose father of course lived here, and mayhap we may meet himself—the more would be the pity, to my thinking."

And Dorcas looked round with disjust on the

And Dorcas looked round with disgust on the city of canals and commotions in which she and her young lady had at length, after a tedious journey, arrived.

Doross was in a measure right in her ideas. The water city of Ameterdam in which they new found themselves had not so much to recommend it as to draw them from their routs homewards.

And yet Winifred would have willingly suffered any amount of privation and hardships to secure a

he felt undoubtedly that some explanation was

due to her kind and faithful domestic, who had contentedly followed her titto an auknown and foreign land without question or hindranee to seen as the was told that it was the queen's pleasure, and a pleasure that was to be obeyed in privacy and

She grasped the wrinkled band of the woman in her own soft pains.
"Doress, dear, what will you think if I centees that I have some littler the more determinately be-caused heard that Master Advian Moster was on the eve of visiting his native land? Would you be very much shocked and scandalized, my faithful friend?"

very much shocked and scandalized, my fastisful friend?"

Doreas listened with open-mouthed wonder for a moment, and there was certainly a disapproving expression in her humid eyes as she fixed them on her cherished charge.

"Well, Mistress Winsfred, it is not for me to sit in judgment on you, who understand all these doings far better than I can. But had you told myon would over seek that villain favourite of your poor, miguided father I would have given them the denial in their teeth, Mistress Winifred.

"True, true, and you would scarcely have erred, good Dorean," returned Winifred, with a faint smille.

"At least in the sense in which you may asturally have taken my words. But there may be other causes than a lowing friendship for desiring an interview with some individual connected either by love or hate with the bust interests of life, and you will trust me and help me in my endeavour to

by love or hate with the best interests of life, and you will trust me and help me in my endeavour to learn the truth, will you not, Doreas?"

"I would doubt an engel as soon as you, Mistrees Winifred, when I come to consider the truth," said the candid domestic, "but I do go as tray sometimes when I look on matters from one side of the glasses, as my eld mother used to say."

"Well, then, I shall depend on your help where I could not manage the inquiries I want to make, Dorcas," scheme d'wnifred, quickly. "I have the address of Master Adrian's fathers, will you ascertain for me whether he is in this city or not, Dorcas I had some hint of his plane which will enable me to finally test the idea that he haunted me so long that I sometimes fear it may be a delusion of my brain."

brain."
"Yes, yes, dear child, I will do all—anything to satisfy you," excisimed Dorcas, terrified at the carnestness of the girl's manner, "and if it please you to sand me to the other end of this marah and swamp I'll do my best to get there for your

whitred's fips relaxed in a girlish smile at her faithful attendant's zeal, and then she proceeded to give her full and clear directions as to the course she was to take and the inquiries that would if discreetly made, place Wimifred on the track which might at length clear up the mystery of the missing and most valuable jewel necklace.

No woner had the worthy Dorcas disappeared than the girl hastily drew from her dress a small packet, which she carefully, almost jealously, unfolded to view.

The contents were held up to the light and inspected as if her whole fate hung on the result of the examination.

e examination.

Then she gave a deep sigh, refolded the small, earefully guarded packet, and placed it thoughtfully and with a grave, satisfied air in its former hiding-

and with a grave, satisfied air in its former hiding-place.

"Surely it will be enough," she minimured, "at lanst for any ordinary indigment not warped by prejudice or favour. Surely, surely it was a blessed chance that led me to that gay, luxurious city and to that remote, unfrequented attreet. You, Haven's guidance must be ever me in this, and when I have accomplished the task I can be cantont, whatever may be my persion of solitode and seglect."

And Winified fell into a deep and at uncertain intervals a tearful train of speculative thought.

"It is uscless, Cousin Adrian. I think it a sad waste of time and aliver that you have adventured to cross the sea hither," said Gretchen, fretfully, as her cousin coolly and as she considered insolantly pressed his unvalcome suit.

"Oh, it is no great cost of either, thrifty maiden," he returned, mockingly. "I had some other object united with the desire to find out what change might have taken place in your santiments since we hast met." he added, with a glance, that he ill veiled by a half-careless, half-enticing smile at his obstimate cousin.

"Never, Adrian, never. If there were no other chance of my giving myself in marriage to any human being I would not trust myself to you," she returned, angrily.

They young Dutchman flushed measily.

"That is strong language, Grotchea. It seems as if some slander had reached your ears, or that you have conceived some garliah and unjust opinion of me, that it is but due to me for you to explain." Gretchen flushed suspiciously.

"Take care, Adrian Meister," she said, firmly.

"It were ill done to drag to light what I would fain try to forget. What if it were mine own eyes, and no casual alander, that have discovered the beerst which must ever bar you from my regard, ay, even from the friendalip of kinsfolk? What if I only pause and hesitate for your father's saids, and during his lifetime, to insist on justice being done to an innocent man and a lead removed from the noble heart of Winifred Wynne, who preferred poverty and hardship to the hand of a ——"

"A what, Grebben A Histor conclude the foolish familian tirade as it deserves," he returned, mockingly, as the girl paused. "It moves me as little as a blast of passing autumn wind to listen to your tengue."

Gretchen compressed her lips, saif in some doubt as to the course she should take, when the round, redfaced domestic popped lier head suddenly into the room.

"A gentlewoman, fearlein, sake amagely of you."

rediscoid domestic popped lier lead suddenly into the room.

"A gentlevoman, fraulcin, sake speech of you," she said quickly.

And the next moment Winifred Wysme slowly and timidly entered the room.

Gretchen advanced hastily towards her.

"This visit is well timed, Mistress Winifred. I magical that my varue hints might indee you to come to my poor dwelling and enable us to consult as to a wise and charitable course to putsua reaperting this unhappy and guilty man," she said, with a cool and determined air that hardly comported with her bright, youthful face. "Adrian Meister, will you be wise—will you help he to save you from utter rain, for the sake of those we have loved and who were, however mistakenly, balievers in your honesty and good faith f"

The man braved it sill.

Scornfully he looked from one to the other of the fair young girls.

The man braved it still.

Scornfully he looked from one to the other of the fair young girls.

"Worthy adversaries, traly, for a man," he said, bitterly. "I decline such warfare when the combatants are walk and prejudiced women, and those, too, whom I have known and to whom I am bound by so many ties. Be wise and do not meddle in what does not concern you, Gretchen, and wiff bring only shame and contempt on your unmaidonly forwardness. Mistreas Winnfred, you have already lost friends by your love-sick folly."

"Pence, hard, shameless man, peace!" said Gretchen, drawing up her figure to its utmost height and flushing to the very roots of her hair with indignation. "You shall have no more mercy at my hands, since even the misery and ruin you have wrought are not sufficient to teach you repontance. You have cast on the Lord Charenes Seymour the odium of a fearful and base crime. You plotted to prove that he abstracted from Master Wynne's safe the necklace he had deposited with him as security for the loan and—"

"And it was proved—fally proved. It was no crime of mine if he committed and was punished for such a deed," interrupted the Datchman, well nigh choking with rage and terror.

"True; but it was your crime that yon—2y, you alone—were the thief," returned Gretchen, in a low, hellow tone, as if the effort oat her almost more than her strength. "Adrian, it is fearful, but it is true—true—that you were guilty of this double and most base orime."

There was a dead silence for a minute.

Winifical clasped her hands together in a mingled thankfulness and horror at the certainty of what

Minificed clasped her hands together in a mingled thankfulness and horror at the certainty of what also had long and secreely suspected. "My poer, deceived father," burst at length from her trembling-lips. "Would that you could have known the truth."

her trembling lips. "Would that you could lawe known the truth."

"It were as well to prove the vike slander ere you dare to call upon the dead," shrieked Adrian, well nigh foaming with impotent rage and training on the two pale, agitated girl, like a tiper at bay.

"That I can soon do," returned Gretchen, calmly, "aince it was my own eyes to which I had to trust as witnesses. Adrian, do, you recall that first night of my arrival at your house, when I came down after I presumed all were in bed to look for a missing ornament that I peculiarly prized? I did did not discover the trinket, but I saw what filled me then with astonishment and, after I had heard the facts of the robbery, with terror and shame. Adrian Meiater, on that night you were gazing as if infatuated on that glittering neckluce which you had charged an innoent man with stealing under the most foul said aggravated circumstances. Now, what can you say, plunged as you are in a perfect abyes of degradation? Will you confess and repent and abons?"

"Never! I deny it. You cannot prove it. No—with all your woman's wit, you are utterly beyond the worderful her von have a bigreand to missit." "he wist."

with all your woman's wit, you are uterly beyond the wonderful plot you have believed to exist," he raplied, enseringly. "How can you, Gratchion, who never naw the jewels, comprehend and recognize them at a distinct and by a lamp's doubtful light? I defy you. Search as you may you will not be able to verify your words nor bring home the charge you have made."

"But if not. I can!" put in Winifred, stepping

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ma ver the know into the third plant the corr Lagrange grade it i

per the the gree a rewisted with liab

forward, with her graceful presence and her clear ringing voice. "Adrian Meister, there is a Heaven who can bring all secrets to light, and, as it so often betides, through the blind folly of sinful men. Who was it that offered some of the stones of the missing necklace to an obscure but grasping usurer in the Res St. Jacques, who can swear to your person and dress and voice without any doubt or mischane? Oh, in pity to yourself, to the deceived and trusting dead, confess the deed! Adrian, I cannot shrink from my duty if you refuse, and the gracious queen, whose bounty has enabled me to secure the proof of your guilt and Lord Clarence's innocence, would not permit the odium to rest on his head nor you to remain unpunished."

Adrian gazed from one to the other, his face was wall nigh ashen white, save where two spots burned on either cheek. His hands moved restlessly in his dress, as if seeking for some hidden weapon, and Gretchen fiew in terror to the door lest he should be meditating some terrible revenge on her and her

meditating some terrible revenge on her and her

But the long fingers only extracted a small, carefully-secured bottle, which he held up with a bitter

There," he said, " you talk of orime resting on "There," he said, "you talk of crime reasing on the head of the guilty. You shall feel it in your turn. My blood shall lie at your consciences and my curse rest on your whole lives! Gretchen—Winifred—you have driven me to this last and most unfailing friend!"

(To be continued.)

ANIMAL WONDERS.

ANIMAL WONDERS.

In each grain of sand there are marvels; in every drop of water a world. In the great spectacle called Nature every being has its marked place and distinct rôle, and in the grand drams called life there presides a law as harmonious as that which rules the movement of the stars. Each hour removes by death myriads of existences, and each hour produces legions of new lives. The highest as well as the lowest created organism consumes carbon and water to support life and its duties, and it is not uninteresting to glance at the food, the habits and the ways and means peculiar to some of the inferior animals. From their petrified ejections we know what such fossilized reptiles as the plesiosaurus, etc., are, and may some day be able to discover the fish crustaces they hunted down.

Animals when not living by their own respectable efforts are either parasites or dependents; many would seem to have positive trades, or are connected with branches of industry. There are miners, masons, carpenters, paper manufacturers and weavers, lacemakers, even, all working first for themselves and next to propagate their kind. The miners dig into the earth from natural aches and

and weavers, lacemakers, even, all working first for themselves and next to propagate their kind. The miners dig into the earth, from natural arches and supports remove the useless soil; such as the mole, the chinchilla of Peru, the badger, the lion ant, as well as certain worms and molluses. The masons build huts and palaces according to all the rules of architecture, as the bees and tropical ants; there are flat that construct boats the waves naver can architecture, as the bees and tropical ants; there are fish that construct boats the waves never can upset, and Agassis has drawn attention to a fish which builds its nest on the floating seaweed in the middle of the ocean, and deposits therein its eggs. Spiders are weavers as well as lacemakers; one species constructs a diving-bell, another a palace of lace. When the astronomer had need of the most delicate thread for his talescope he applies to a tiny spider. When the naturalist desires to test his microscope he selects a certain shell of a sea insect, so small that several millions of them in water could not be visible to the naked eye, and yet no microscope has been made sufficiently powerful to reveal the beautiful variegated designs on the atomic shells.

DOINGS AT POLO.—The game has not been as lively this year in London as in 73 and 74 owing no doubt to the fact that the regiment which has taken pole to heart more than any others is now quartered at Windows.

APPIXING POSTAGE STAMPS.—The following official APPIXING POSTAGE STAMPS.—The following official notice has been issued from the General Post-office:—The best mode of securely affixing postage stamps is to wet slightly the corner of the envelope on which the stamp is to be placed and the gummed side of the stamp, and then gently to press the stamp on the envelope until it is firmly fixed thereon. It is objectionable to dip the stamp in water, because, unless it be immediately withdrawn and care be taken, by the use of blotting paper or some other absorbent, to remove any excess of moisture, the gum may be washed off, or the stamp may be rubbed off the letter.

Shops in China.—Chinese shops are very inviting in appearance. During the day they are thrown entirely open in front, with the warea tastefully arranged on the other three sides of the apartment, a small stairway in one corner leading to the

ment, a small stairway in one corner leading to the upper or dwelling portion of the house. They are

very models of neatness, some of them containing a varied assortment of costly wares, and occasionally works of art; while the owners, with their long queues and costly silken garments, sit in their places of business like princes in their drawing-rooms, exhibiting a quiet dignity, and even courtliness, strangely unlike the manner of the races about them. The fruit and flower stalls are generally adorned with pretty birdcages, while John Chinaman deals out his dainty wares, served in exquisite porcelain or glass, with lavishing salaams and courtly words, rendering to each purchaser the courtesy due to a favoured guest.

THE PEA.

GARDEN peas appear to have been rare in the early part of Elizabeth's reign; as Fuller observes they were seldom seen, except those which were brought from Holland, and "these," says he, "were dainties for ladies, they came so far and cost so dear"; but in the latter part of her reign gardening had made considerable progress and, taking into consideration how little it had been previously studied, her days produced the most complete herbalist, who studied and wrote upon all plants known at that period.

Gerardo's work is as excellent as it is voluminous, being free from those astrological absurdities that diagrace the herbals of Culpepper and others who wrote about the time of the Commonwealth. A mind like Gerarde's would be above such ridiculous superatition, and would know that a knowledge of herbs would be sconer gained by looking down to examine plants than by looking up to observe the planets.

This author informs us that one variety of pea Dianets.

This author informs us that one variety of pea is indigenous to this country. He says: "The wild pea do grow in pastures and arable fields in divers places, especially about the fields belonging to the Bishops Hatfield, in Hertfordshire." He adds, "There be divers sorts of peason, differing very notably in many respects, some of the garden, and others for the field, and yet both counted tame; some with tough akins or membranes in the code, and others have none at all, whose code are to be eaten with the peas when they be young as those of young kidney beans; others carrying their fruit in the tops of the branches are esteemed as Scottish peason, which are not very common." He also describes the wild and the everlasting pea, which perhaps may be some of the varieties of lathyrus or vetching.

Tusser has the following passage in his "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry." For the month of January, he says:

Dig garden, stroy mallow, now may ye at case, And of these fields in the required property of the property of the control of the varieties of heavy complete the requirements.

month of January, he says:

Dig garden, stroy mallow, now may ye at ease,
And set (as a daintie) thy runcival pease.

Ronneival was an old word for large and strong,
derived from the gigantic bones of the old heroes
pretended to be shown at Ronneesvalles. Hence
the word became a common epithet for anything
large or strong, as Bonneival peas, the large sort
now called marrowfat (see Timbe's "Things not
Generally Known"). Green peas became a popular
delicacy in England soon after the restoration of
Charles II., and, strange enough, even for late ones,
so early as 1769, and it is a matter of history that
on the 28th of October of that year a guinea a pottle
—not quite half a dish—was given at Covent
Garden Market; and as much as ten times that sum
has been paid since in the same market for a quart Garden Market; and as much as ten times that sum has been paid since in the same market for a quart of green peas shelled.
There are many curious and superstitious custo

There are many curious and superstitious customs with respect to peas and beans related in Brand's "Popular Antiquities." We will just mention one or two. Thus on Carling Sunday—the Sunday before Palm Sunday—at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and many other places in the North of England, gary peas, after having been steeped a night in water, are fried with butter, given away, and eaten at a kind of entertainment. They are called carlings, probably as we call the presents at fairs, fairings. From what the custom arcse is uncertain, but one old author states that it took its rise from the disciples plucking the ears of corn and rubbing them in their hands.

The efficacy of peas-cods in love affairs is also

them in their hands.

The efficacy of peas-cods in love affairs is also one of the popular superstitions alluded to by Touchstone in "As You Like It," act it. scene 4, and, it is said, still practised in Suffolk and other parts of the country. The kitchen-maid, when she shells green peas, never counts, if she finds one having nine peas, to lay it on the linted of the kitchen door, and the first clown who enters it is infallible to be here forwarded. infallibly to be her future husband.

A New paper will shortly appear in Paris—"Paris Punch." It will deal with Paris life as "Punch" deals with London life. A French gentleman is

resident with London life. A Frence gentleman is proprietor of the papers.

THE Empress of Austria will, it is anticipated, preserve a strict incognita on her projected wish to a watering-place near Dioppe. Feople abroad argue

politically from the choice of Dieppe and the giving up of the Isle of Wight. They say Austria is displeased at the attitude of Russia and England.

SCIENCE.

Tough Glass.—Mr. Charles Pieper has devised a way of toughening glass, which the German papers pronounce superior to that of M. de la Bastie, recently described in these columns. The Pieper glass is fully as strong as that of the latter inventor, and its appearance is much purer and clearer. Extended experiments upon it have been begun in Germany.

and to appearments upon it have been begun in Germany.

The speed of trains in Germany is given by a recent report as follows:—Greatest speed per hour, including stops for express and fast trains, 3s miles, for ordinary passenger trains, 25. Slowest speed were for express and fast trains, 21 miles per hour; ordinary passenger trains, 16 miles. Average speeds per hour, for express and fast trains, 28 miles; for ordinary passenger trains, 21 miles.

VELOCITY OF LIGHT.—Professor Cornu, of the Ecole Polytechnique, Paris, has put into successful use a new instrument for measuring the velocity of light between two stations, in which an electrical registering apparatus is used, giving, it is believed, more accurate measurements than the well-known toothed wheel arrangement of Fizeau. Foucault fixed the velocity of light, by his instrument, at 185,167 miles per second, Professor Corna, by his new instrument, fixes the velocity of light at 186,660 miles per second, or 1,503 miles faster per second than Foucault.

TESTING METALS.—The board appointed by the Professor of the United States to make tests of

186,660 miles per second, or 1,503 miles faster per second than Foucault.
TERTING METALS.—The board appointed by the President of the United States to make tests of metals asks for tenders for the construction of a machine suitable and convenient for subjecting to either tension or compression specimens of iron, steel, or other metals of all lengths up to 45 ft, and of any width up 30 in. The machine must have a maximum testing capacity of 800,000 lbs., and be capable of courately measuring strains. The machine is to be furnished with all necessary tools and driving machinery, and with holding down bolts for erection. It must be delivered within five months from the date of contract. It will be further demanded that the machine shall be taken back in part-payment for a machine of 2,000,000 lbs. testing capacity at an early date, which may be specified in the proposals, and upon terms which may be stated in full. Satisfactory guarantees will be required, and a pecalty of 100 dols. per day in case of non-fulfilment of contract.

IMPROVEMENT IN MUSIC PRINTING.—For printing music, it is necessary to have, first of all, the composition lightly aketched on sheats of time after.

Initiament of contract.

IMPROVEMENT IN MUSIC PRINTING.—For printing music, it is necessary to have, first of all, the composition lightly sketched on sheets of tin, after which it is engraved on the plate by a workman, who holds a punch in his left hand and a hammer in his right. As the design has to be transferred, it is ongraved reversed, which requires both an experienced eye and a steady hand. M. Loural, the well known photographer, of Parls, thought it would be a great saving to suppress the sheets of tin. To do this a piece of transfer paper is taken, which has been previously lined and spaced. The workman has before him a composition case like a printer's, which contains in each division a tool, at the extremity of which is a musical sign. Beside him is a pad impregnated with transfer lak. He lays the ruled transfer paper before him, and with his right hand he takes the musical signs, notes, etc., inks them, and prints the paper without the elightest effort. It is simply a matter of regularity and rapidity, speed being easily acquired after a little practice. The music is then transferred to the stone and proofs taken at will.

HARDENING GRASS.—This is a process that has been patered by a civil engineer who have devoted.

stone and proofs taken at will.

Handening Glass, —This is a process that has been patented by a civil engineer who has devoted much time and attention to the hardening of iron, steel, and alloys. Starting on the broad ground that the lower the degree of temperature of the liquid in which certain heated bodies were plunged the harder such bodies became, he has found that glass, graphite, uncrystallized carbon, slag, and other analogous substances may be rendered exceedingly hard by means which are usually indicated for metals. Coloured glass may, by this treament, be randered so hard as to be effectively used as a substitute for gems, and, what is enrious, may be pulverized and hard as to be effectively used as a substitute for gems, and, what is curious, may be pulverized and used in the same way as diamond dust or emery powder. In hardening the substance, the method pursued by the patentee is to place a small quantity of fused or nearly fused clear or coloured glass in iron or other moulds to shape the glass, and the substance is taken out of the moulds and placed in platinum moulds, and fused or nearly fused, and suddenly deprived of its caloric by frigorife mixtures of iced water and salt, or any of the freezing ounpounds that produce extreme cold; the sum and

substance of which is that the glass is heated to a very high degree of temperature and rapidly cooled in a very frigid fluid. A startling statement is made by the inventor when he asserts that when the com-ponent parts of gens are treated by the above process he is enabled to produce thereby fictitious gens even harder than real diamonds.

THE COKE-MANGANESE GALVANIC CELL

THE COKE-MANGANESE GALVANIC CELL.

THE well-known Leclanche's cell is now in use for many purposes, giving a very constant current, which, however, is much decreased by the resistance of the tar covering the top of the porous cell and by the decomposition of the manganese dioxide, which is transformed during the action of the cell into oxide; the latter oxide closes the pores of the cell. Sergins Kern's cell is a modification of Leclanche's cae, and experiments prove it to act very constatity.

Two parts of cleanly washed coke and one part of manganese dioxide in the state of powder are well mixed together with a small quantity of water acidalated with some drops of nitric acid; the mixture is then strongly pressed into brown paper cartridges 5 inches high and 1½ inches diameter. The resulting coke-manganese cylinders are dried in a warm place, but not over a fire, because the heat, as it is known, decomposes the manganese dioxide.

The dried cylinders are placed in glass jars containing concentrated solution of ammonium chloride, and surrounded with zino plates curved in the usual manner. By this arrangement the use of porous cells is avoided, and a battery of such elements acts more constantly; besides this the construction of it cheaper.

Instead of having glass jars Kern uses wooden

cheaper.

Instead of having glass jars Kern uses wooden boxes, the size of the glass jars; the internal parts of the boxes are covered with the following mixture, melted in an iron cup:—2 parts of wax, 10 parts of common resin (colophony), 2 parts of red lead, and

eighth part of gypsum.
The zinc of the element is the negative pole; the

coke, the positive pole,

The sinc of the element is the negative pole; the coke, the positive pole.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—Dr. Wilde, of the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg, and Director of the Central Physical Observatory, has recently made a report to the Academy upon the new mode of producing the electric light. Since the discovery of the voltaic are in 1821 by Davy many attempts have been made to utilize it practically for illumination. But in spite of the regulators devised for the purpose it stills remains variable and inconstant; being too division. Since the improved magneto-electric machines have reduced the cost of the electric light to only one-third that of coal gas these efforts to utilize it have been doubled. As a result, M. Ladiguin has made an invention which resolves both problems in a very simple way, rendering the light steady and at the same time capable of division. It has long been known that the electric light proper comes from the intensely heated carbons which the current traverses, the resistance of the sir between them developing this heat. So the resistance of a platinum wire placed in circuit causes it to be highly heated; but the light thus obtained, through constant and entirely controllable, is too feeble for practical use. M. Ladiguin has conceived the idea of replacing the platinum wire in this experiment with a thin rod of gas carbon, and with complete success. Carbon possesses, even at the same temperature, a much greater light-radiating power than platinum; its calo ific capacity is less than one-half that of platinum; its is, moreover, a sufficiently good conductor of heat; so that the same quantity of heat elevates the temcalor file capacity is less than one-half that of platinum; it is, moreover, a sufficiently good conductor of heat; so that the same quantity of heat elevates the temperature of a small rod of carbon to usariy double that of a wire of platinum of the same size. Again, the resistance of the carbon employed is 250 times greater than that of platinum; hence it follows that a rod of carbon may be fifteen times as thick as a wire of platinum the same length and yet be heated by the same current to the same degree. Finally, the carbon may be heated to the most intense whiteness without the danger of fusion to which platinum is liable. These are some of the advantages of carbon; its only disadvantage is that heated in air it burns, and so gradually wastes.

How IT FEELS TO RIDE ON AN ICE-BOAT .- A How it Freis to Ride on an Ice-boat.—A Transatlantic contemporary says:—"Old Bob" Tunnard, of West Troy, has bought an ice-boot which he claims is fast enough to make all the oty-or ice-boats in the vicinity "take a seat." "Well, Robert, we shall see what we shall see." If any of our staid citizens are desirous of enjoying the sensation of riding on an ice-boat we can tell them just how to do it. First secure the services of Captains Foster, Foct and Hayford. The ice is just right now, being thin and allenty of air-holes are "lying around loose." Wait until the wind blows a gale and then notify the above named gentlemen that you are ready. Walk down the street,

and find the three captains waiting for you. They will pleasantly shake you warmly by the hand, and act so nicely that you would scarcely believe that "butter would melt in their moutha." This is on the principle of "Will you walk into my parlour; said the spider to the fly." You get on the boat, and flatter yourself that you are going to have a delightful time. Perhaps you are; but don't jump too sauddenly at such a conclusion. A gust strikes the boat and almost tipe over while you are flying at the rate of a mile per minute. The man at the helm laughs and eases up a little. Next you see water ahead and the old harrow—broad-end first—is going for it "like all possessed," You speak to the man at the tiller and suggest that he change his course. Does he do it? Not a bit of it. Away she goes and if she is not able to jump over it she must go under it, that's all. You begin to wish you were visiting your great-grandmother or at home singing psalms. Your hair stands on end "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," and the cold sweat drenches your alabaster brow. Next an intentional collision occurs and your boat losse about half her standing rigging. After scaring you nearly to death for two hours they will finally "jib her," and away you go like a streak for about forty rods, skinning your olbows and knoes, tearing your clothes, and making your best silk hat look like a worn-out coal-soutils.

LOVE'S PERILS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Let us now glance into the interior of a poorly-furnished room on the ground-floor of an old house opening on a narrow street of the city. The room was furnished with a few chairs and a table, a stove and a bed. The planks of the floor were rotten, worm-eaten and dirty, the walls were mildewed, and a general air of discomfort reigned throughout. The half-ourtains at the windows were almost unnecessary, for the panes of glass were so covered with dust inside, and without so splashed with mud from the wheels of passing carts and carriages, that they were nearly impenetrable to the eye. The sunbasms reflected from the upper windows of the opposite houses were all but lost in seeking to penetrate this dingy medium. Into this comfortless apartment there now entered from the street a haggard, ill-favoured man, bearing a huge bundle in his arms. It was Paul the saddler. He placed his burthen, whatever it was, on a table, and then ran to the street door and locked it. After he had done so, he returned to the table, and pulling off the rough cloth which enveloped his package, disclosed a heavy demi-pique saddle.

Paul Richmond dropped into a chair with his eyes fixed staringly on this object.

"It is mine!" he muttered, but in no exultant tone, "mine, with all its contents. No matter how I obtained it—it is mine. What a scene that was at the auction! Every one seemed to know my guilty secret—and to fathom the cause of my eageness. Yet I tried to act my part well—I tried to look indifferent—perhaps I succeeded—and the treasure is mine. But the money-lenders will soon be here with their accursed notes. Quick quick! let me rip open my own workmanship and secure the prize!"

He started up, took a claspknife from his pocket, and was preparing to unrip the saddle-flaps when a break was heard at the outer door.

secure the prize!"

He started up, took a claspknife from his pocket, and was preparing to unrip the saddle-flaps when a snock was heard at the outer door.

"Who is there?" he cried, in a voice of alarm.

"Only I, Paul, your wife," replied the voice of a

With a smothered curse the saddler opened the oor and admitted the applicant, and then closed

door and said. and relooked it. "Oh, Paul, oh, my dear husbaud," said a pale, careworn woman, falling into his arms and bursting

"What is the matter with the fool?" growled

"Unas to Winds to Paul," said the woman.
"Do not, do not chide me, Paul," said the woman.
"If you knew all you would share all my grief, for you are kindhearted, whatever men say of you."
"What is the matter, woman?" cried Paul,

"What is the matter, woman?" cried Paul, impatiently.

"Our friend, our benefactor, the Count de Claremont!" gasped Madame Richmond. "Well, well, half an hour since, as I was on my way to the market, a dreadful crowd came pouring through the street. I had only just time to take refuge in a doorway. There were the terrible pikemen—there were the fisherwomen, with their foul imprecations—all surrounding a cart filled with viotims of the Terror."

An everyday sight," said Paul, with affected

"Ah, but among them, towering above the rest, conspicuous by his military uniform, was an old man of venerable appearance. His face was partially concealed, but when I asked his name, they

told me-Oh, Heaven! that it was the Count de

told me—Oh, Heaven! that it was the Count de Claremont."

Paul was silent, his eyes fixed on the floor, his frame quivaring with emotion.

"Oh, my dear husband—I knew you must feel this blow, for he saved you from ruin. And you had worked so hard to secure his flight. Your last job was making a saddle for him, you know, for which he paid you handsomely. When you left him last night, you thought he would get off."

"Yee, I thought so," muttered Richmond.

"But it seems at the very last hour some wretch denounced him—him the old man. May the vengeance of Heaven overtake the traitor!"

"Hold, woman!" oried Paul, "you know not what you are saying."

"I repeat it," said the frenzied woman; "may Heaven visit with the bittersat agonies of remorse the wretch.—"

"Hold!" thundered Paul. "I will not listen to your denunciations of a man who perhaps thought he was serving the nation in cutting short the career of an aristocrat."

career of an aristocrat."

"This language from you, Paul!" exclaimed the wife, in astonishment. "What but good did that kind-hearted old man ever do? Ah, the deadliest enemies of the nation are now to be found in the ranks of the psople!"

"Silence, woman!" said the saddler. "You know nothing about politics."

"But I know right from wrong," retorted the

woman.

As she moved away from Bichmond her eyes chanced to fall upon the saddle. She started.

"Paul," she said, "isn't that the saddle you made

"Perhaps it is," answered the saddler.

"It is the same," said Madame Richmond, after examining it. "How came it in your posses-

"I bought it at the sale of the count's effects this

"I bought to a set of the woman, thoughtfully."
"It is strange!" said the woman, thoughtfully.
"Strange!" schood Paul. "There's nothing at all strange in it. I tell you the saddle was sold for a song. I can make a handsome profit on it, and we want bread—that's the whole story. Don't look at me so suspiciously. I swear I've told you the whole truth."

whole truth."

At this moment the voice of the newsman was heard in the street, orying:

"Full particulars of the execution of the aristocrat and enemy of the people, the ex-Count de Claremont and nineteen other aristocrats! Programme of the grand spectacle this afternoon! Twenty more aristocrats to be introduced to Mariane!"

Paul shuddered as the sounds met his ear.

Paul shuddered as the sounds met his ear.
Before he was recovered from the agitation into
which this incident threw him the trampling of a
horse was heard without, immediately followed by
a loud knocking at the door.
"Who is there?" cried the saddler, starting to

his feet. n the door and you will see," was the reply Ope

from without.
"I don't open my door to every straggler," said Open, then, in the name of the nation!" said

the voice.

At that dreaded demand the saddler unlocked his door, and Rochefort strode into the room. He was equipped for the road, with riding-boots and spurs, with a pair of pistols stuck in his belt, and a horseman's sabre at his side. He touched his plumed hat to the saddler's wife, and then, turning to her hat to the saddler's wife, and then, turning to her husband, said:
"Citizen Richmond, I have an order on you from the military committee."
"On me!" said the saddler, in astonishment.

"Yes, on you."
"And for what?"
"For a saddle."

"I have none that would suit you," said the sad-

"I have none that would suit you," said the saddler, trembling violently.
"I am easily suited—for I am in haste," answered Rochefort. "Ha," he added, fixing his eyes on the saddle that lay on the table, "the very thing!"
"But that is not mine," said the saddler. "That is a saddle I have been making for a customer."
"No matter—individuals must stand aside when the government is to be supplied. Here is an order on you for a saddle—and one on the committee for your pay."

your pay."

"But you cannot have that saddle," said Paul, almost frantically. "You cannot rob me of my property—the saddle is mine."

"Have a care, oitizen," said Rochefort, sternly, "have a care how you trifle with a representative of the people. You told me this moment that the saddle did not belong to you."

"I am master in my own house." said the

saddle did not belong to you."

"I am master in my own house," said the saddler, laying his hands on the contested article, "and I swear that you shall not rob me."

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Well, then, if you prefer it, I will ride at once to the Revolutionary Tribune and denounce you."
Paul recoiled at this terrible memore, and Reche-fort, taking advantage of the opportunity, threat the order on the table, seized the saddle and bore it into the street.

Before Paul and recovered from his stuper the commissioner had strapped the saddle on his horse, had vaulted into his seat and ridden off at suit

The sound of the horse's hoofs roused the saddle

at last "Robbed! ruined!" he cried, bearing his hair frantically, "ruined beyond redemption! A thou-eand curses on that villain's head! After risking

frantically, "runned beyond the said! After risking and curses on that villain's head! After risking an much to lose all! It is agony, death!"

"Paul," said his wife, "you are beside yourself. Citizen Rochefort has left you as order for payment. You say the saidle cost you but a trifle. Go to the committee and get your money."

"Woman!" said Paul. "You know not what you say. You are mooleing my misery. I tell you that that saidle was a fortune."

ear. You are mooking my misery. I tell you that that saddle was a fortune."

You are beside yourself, Paul."

"I wish I was. In that case I should be exced for, instead of dying in the gutter. That saddle was staffed with gold and jewels. Last night I saw the count hide them there with these wery eyes!"

"Ah!" said Madowne Biohmond, turning pale.

"You knew the treasure was there—and—and the count was denounced last night at the last session of the Revolutionary Committee."

other Revolutionary Committee."

"You," and Paul, greaping for arm. "At the very hour when the count was hugging to his heart the belief that he had basied all his enemies, a man, hunted by the demons of want and awaries, rushed into the presence of the committee and denounced the Count de Claremont as an enemy of the

The miserable wretch!" cried Madame Rich mond

mond.
"Yes, he was a miserable wretch," said Paul, in a hollow voice, and dropping her arm. "He was a miserable wretch, a spendthrift and a gambler. He had staked and lest all that he was worth, and mere—he was deep in the besite of the money-lenders, and ruin and starwation stared him in the denders, and rum and starwation stared him in the face. So, in his desperation, he staked him in the face. So, in his desperation, he staked his souland lost! He was a miserable wretch; but he will be more miserable yet, for henceforth the phantom of his victim will purse him night and day. Henceforth the horrid figure of the quillotine, with the innocent head that fell beneath its dmife, will be ever present to the eyes of the marderur, till he will implore death as a mercy in his intelerable anguish!"

anguish

anguish!"
"His name! his name!" cried Madame Richmond. "Who was the traitor?"
"Your husband!" exclaimed Paul.
"My—busband!" cried the wretched woman, as if she did not take in the sense of the words. "No, no, it cannot be. The count was your benefactor. He gave us hope and life when we had no other hope in the world."

hope in the world."
"I tell you," cried the saddler, "it was I who denounced him—I who murdered him—I who resolved to plunder him at all hazards."

Every word of this confession sank into the brain of the listener. Throwing up her hands and utter-ing a wild cry, she sank insensible upon the floor. It was almost mechanically that the guilty husband inboured to restore her—almost unconsciously that he kneeled over her, and dashed the cold water on her face. As he gazed on that still fair face, livid and hollowed by his own misconduct and neglect, on that flowing hair which he had streaked with on that form which he had washed, he was silver, on that form which he had washed, he placed his arm around her neck and pressed those clay-cold lips with his own. At last she opened her eyes, but as soon as her consciousness was restored she pushed her guilty partner from her, and, spring-ing to her feet, bent on him a look of indescribable

herror and aversion:
"Wrotch!" she exclaimed, at last, "Your touch is pollution. Monster of ingratitude! come not mear me! I, who have clung to year through every trial—who have borne with poverty, with hardship, with shame—who have starved for you, and watched

for you, and prayed for you, because I believed there was still good in your heart, I reneunce you now for over!"

"Hear me," said Paul, clasping his hands.
"There is none left in the world but you to care for me. When this is known my father will avoid

"Finish the horrible work you have commenced!"

"Finish the horrible work you have commenced!"

"Go'to the men of blood and demonance your fathers and your wife. Better for us to die by the guillotine than to reflect that one has given life and the sther love to a monster!"

"Want, misery, despair, drove me to the deed."

"The misery and the despair were of your own creation. Time and again was your pathway

smoothed by friendly hands. Time and again did you yearself bring wos upon your head and mine. But this last oriuse has severed all the ties that bound us. Thank Heaven we have no children to perpetuate your image, and inherit your guilt. Accursed and abborred! may the fate of Cain be yourse a branded, wanderer upon the face of the earth."

"Bowase!" said Paul, knitting his brows an clemohing his fists, "beware how you raise the tigs within me."

within me."
"Do you threaten me!" retorted the frantic
"Do you threaten me!" retorted the blood of the
listener. "Coward! you dare not strike even a
woman. You forget your part—that you are the
secret assassin—the stabber in the dark. Go to
your foul and hateful work. While one noble head
rests upon its shoulders, you, the spy and informer,
have a chance to earn your bread."
"And you—"

"And you—"
"Can beg it in the streets."
She said no more, but fled over the threshold she never crossed again.
With a groan of despair the informer sank down and buried his face in his hands.

In the meantime fortune favoured those whom Rochefort had under his powerful prefaction. Carefaily disgaised and well mounted, the count, Julie and Gerwase, accompanied by their faithful friend, rode unchallenged through the barrier, and soon left danger a long way behind them.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE current of our narrative takes us away from Paris to the South of France, and carries us, in the early winter of 1793; into the city of Toulon, on the Mediterranesn, a place then containing some twenty-five thousand inhabitants, with an arsenal, a naval depôt, and fortifications of great strength and importance. Its inhabitants, swelled by figitives from Marseilles and Lyons, recently captured by the Republicans, had revolted against the Republic, and, when its troops approached their oity, opened their harbour to the English feet, then in the neighbouring waters, and proclaimed Louis XVII. as their king. The English admiral, fleed, took possession of it in the name of King Louis, and shortly afterwards a Spanish fleet entered the harbour, and landing a force of Spanish, Piedmontese and Neapolitan soldiers, strengthened the resources of its defenders. Lofty hills, which backed the city, sustained fortifications of great antiquity. Mounts Faron and the Hauteur de Grasse, which commanded the harbour, bristled with guns. A large and well-appointed Franch force, in the summer, had demmenced the siege of Toulon. A portion of them occupied the rocky pass of Ollioules, which formed the only communication between the promontory of Toulon and the maisland. Driven thence by a detachment of English, the Franch regained the position when it was left in the hands of a Spanish force. The hopes of the Eoyalists in Toulou lay in expected reinforcements from England and Austria; for the English troops in the city were enity 5,000 strong, and the Spanish, Piedmantese and Neapoliforce. The hopes of the Royalists in Toulon lay in expected reinforcements from England and Austris, for the English troops in the city were only 5,000 strong, and the Spanish, Piedmantese and Neapolitans, 6,000 strong, were poor soldiers and not to be depended upon. The efforts of the defenders were particularly directed to strengthening Fort Egullette, at the extranity of the promontory which encloses the smaller harbour, and which, from its position and appearance, the English had named the Little Gibraitar. The negs had now lasted for some months, during which, at intervals, the French Republican batteries from without and the allied guns from within had exchanged their thunders. At night the black six was ploughed into flery furrows by shells and field-but shot; sorties had been made, and snagninary hadd-to-hand encounters had taken place; yet both parties were confident—the French Republicans of victory, the besieged of relief.

Matters were in this position when Lord Mulgrays, the English general in command of Toulon, was one morning informed by an aide that a man was desirous of speaking with him. The English commander signified his willingness to receive him. The person demanding the interview was then introduced and left alone with his lordship. He was a man of large frame, and still young, but wan and emacated. His dress was a mixture of the civilian and soldier. He were an English infantry fatigue jacket, but a French peasant's broad-leafed hat, while his shoes were worn, and the remainader

and emiciated. His dress was a mixture of the civilian and soldier. He wore an English infantry fatigue jacket, but a French peasant's broad-leafed hat, while his shoes were worn, and the remainder of his dress threadbare and soiled.

The English commander surveyed this strange figure with a curious and inquisitive eye, and then said:

"I was as a volunteer." and the catalogue of And when our men fell back before the French fire, you seized the guiden, rushed to the front, and

allied them?"
"I endeavoured to do my duty," said the transper, modestly,
"In that gallant action, you were wounded in the

"Slightly."

"And you probably come to request some recom-sess for your services?"
"Your lordship has divined the object of my

"Well-what do you require-mensy or a com-

"Well-warmission?"
"Noither."
"Yet you say you desire a separapense. Please to
explain yourself, and briefly, too, for my time is
precious. And in the first place—your name?"
"That is of little gonsequence—provided I can
eve you."

"That is of little consequence—provided I can serve you." Granted."
"I don't wish to pry into your lordship's servis. But perhaps you will inform me whethe? I conjecture aright that you have no reliable information with regard to the force and plans of the enemy?"
"You are quite right."
"And such information—"
"Would be inestimable."
"Would then, my lord, ampose a spy ware to be sent into the enemy? camp?"
"I thought of that. But I cannot order a man on a service that would be almost certain death. And where should I find a capable volunteer?"
"Here!" replied the stranger, laying his hand on his breast.

"Have you reckoned the dangers and difficulties the service?"

of the servi

"And yet are willing to brave them?"
"I am."

You speak English wall, but with an accent."
I speak French perfectly."
Are you a Frenchman?"

I am."
What, then, induces you to act against your

countrymen for the same reason that induced the south of France to revolt against the Republic. One fact will assure you of my sincerity and reliability. I am a fugitive from Lyons." rom Lyons."
"Indeed!"

rom Lyons."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, my lord, I was in that us happy city when the inhabitants revolted. I was appointed to serve on many of the most important committees of the paople. We east cannon, we raised money, we fotified the heights above the city. When the besiegers auronous as to laydown our arms, make an unconditional surrender, and thus merit the elemency of the Convention, we replied that we knew better than to trust to the elemency of welves, that we defied their power, and that they should never enter the city areast over our dead bodies and the rains of our ramparts and houses."

"Alas!" said Mulgrave, "I well knew the heroid spirit of the Lyonnese."

"Our enemies soon swarmed about ut," continued the stranger. "We disputed our entremoments one by one, but the odds were terrific. Night and day we endured a terrible bombardment. The red-hot shot and the shells fell upon us like a flowy deluge. The beautiful buildings, the magnificent hotels, were laid in ashes one after another, till the quarter of St. Clair became one wice ruin. One may the arsemal blew up with an earthquake sound. The hospital was crowded with the wounded and dying. We raised the black flag on its summit, appealing to the humanity of our antagosists. In vain. They poured their well-directed shot upon it. Four-and-twenty times it was on firey furnade, from the midst of which rose the shrieks and yells of the wenneded it was impossible to save, and, it was finally burned to the ground."

from ward to ward; it was soon a nery furnace, from the midst of which rose the shricks and yolls of the wounded it was impossible to save, and it was finally burned to the ground."

"It was dreadful!" said ford Mulgrave.

"Still we held out," said the stranger. "But the advances of the enemy were sure; his numbers were constantly increasing. He cut off our communication with the country, and food began to be scarce. Fifty thousand men were sureyed against us. Valenciennes sent its terrible artillerists, and the savage Couthon came up with twenty-five thousand fierce mountaineers from Auvergne."

"That scaled your doom," said Mulgrave.

"Day after day we looked and prayed for relief," continued the stranger. "But sincreoments came not. Still we bravely manned the walls and braved the storm of shot and shall. While ene half of our brave peopls served the guns the other half isooured to extinguish the fires that breke out in every direction."

"Then the Convention," said Mulgrave, "renewed its efforts, and doomed Lyons to fire and sword?"

"Exactly so. Kellerman was superseded by Doppet, and the infernal activity of the besiegers was stimulated by the presence of the savage Couthon. They stormed and carried the batteries of St. Foix at the point of Perrache, near the confusence of the Saone and the Rhone. They swept the bridge of La Malatierre which connected the point with the opposite bank. The last hour of manappy Lyons seemed at hand. Then it was the heroic Precy sustered a gallant band of citizens. We gave the enemy battle on the plain of Persache—but though the Bourbon illies were proudly advanced, two thousand of our braves were left upon the field, and the Hayshlicans were sill masters of the bridge and the height of St. Foix."

"Your defence was hopeless," said Malarise. "It was, my level, for within we had as smany more terrible to combat than the same y sithout a foo against which our same were call may not know—the panes of hunges. Our heads women denied themselves bread, that we was fought for them might est, while they sobe seem a searchy supply of oats doled out from the public magazine. At last the bread and the furnary was the last point. The thirty sections were starving, and in their despair sent deputies to the headle camp to true for a capitalstion."

capitulation."
"But that course was not manimously

pair sent copules to the health except to mark for a capitulation."

"But that course was not manimously approved of," said Mulgrave.

"No," replied the changer. "The base Dreey, who had won undying kenour in the defence of the devoted city, disdained submission. Bullying two thousand of the bravet hearts—the force of Lyons—he proposed to them the desperate measure of a cortic, to out their way through the enemy and escape to come land of refuge for beyond the result of the Terrorists. His project was received with shorts of approbation. I was an hundle member of that base. On the night of the 5th of October we mustered and formed into column. Our womand children were placed is the centre. Our midnight march was lighted by the flames of our borning dwellings. That hurid light made us mark of the enemy. A shell from his lines fell into an ammunition waggon, and it exploded, scattering death on every side. Still we held on our way and soon brashed upon the enemy. We broke through their serviced lines, but they closed round the end assembled us like demons, in front, flank and rear at once. As we scaled the heights, fighting every into of the way, the turnible batteries opened their fire on us, and belohed forth death from a hundred mouths of bronze. Man, women and children perished in that awful fire. Our column withered away before it, and searedly fifty, with Precy at their head, except to Switzerland to tell the swint tale."

"And you accompanied him?" said Mulgrave.

"No, say lord. While out nate.

"And you accompanied him?" said Mulgrave.
"No, my lord. While out upon a scout I was separated from the column. It was then I commenced a career of adventure and hardeship that I

"No, my lord. While out upon a soout I was separated from the column. It was then I commenced a career of salventure and hardship that I should not eare to pass through spain. I straked along by night like a hunted beast exhausted, starving, but still alinging to life with desperation. I succeeded in avoiding the memy's posts, and finally is making my way into Toulon."

"Then you knew not anything personally of the subsequent fate of Lyons?" and Mulgrave.

"No, my lord."

"At first," said Mulgrave, "the inhabitants heped for mercy. But the master-spirit smoog the victors was the bloody Couthon, in whose hear! no feeling of mercy ever found harbour. He write to Paris that the inhabitants consisted of three classes. First, the guilty rich; second, the selfish rich; third, the ignorant workman, issuapable of any wickedness. And he recommended that the first should be guillotined, and their houses destroyed; the fortunes of the second confiscated; and the father demonstrated by a republican colony."

"It was like Couthon," said the strateger. "And like Barer to declare, in the name of the Committee of Public Safety," On the rains of this infamous city shall be raised a monument to the sternal glovy of the Committee. Houses and palaces are falling before the incomment, and on it shall be engineed the invaders—millions of property have been serrifieed. But this is not the worst fastures of the dreadful tragedy. Theresands of human beings, men, women and children, have perithed by the guillotine, by the many of the Rhome. Age and sex have pleased in vain for morey, in one day two hundred and aims expanses were condemned to die at once. When they were marching to execution, it was found, on

counting them, that the number greatly overran that sentenced. 'No matter,' said the savage D'Herbois, the pro-consul. 'If they die to-day, they cannot die to-morrow. Push on the column.' that sentenced. 'No matter,' said the savage D'Herbois, the pro-consul. 'If they die to-day, they cannot die to-morrow. Pash on the column.' But enough of these horrors, at which my soul

But enough of these horrors, at which my soul sickons."

"The fate of Toulon," said the stranger, gloomily, "may be the same as first of Lyons, if the Republicans are victors."

"Assuredly," said Mulgrave. "Have you not heard what Barrere said, in announcing to the Convention the shaughters at Lyons?"

"No," replied the stranger.

"It was this," and Lord Mulgrave: "The compact of the rebellious Lyonnese, floated down the Reces, will each the partitions divisions of Toulon the fate which exacts these,"

"But Toulon is not yet theirs," said the stranger.

"No," said Lord Mulgrave. "And in spite of the constitutation of the foress against us, I till have hope of defecting from."

"You know not how many phones of uniflery they process?"

"Ao; many of their batteries are masked."

"Does Kellerman command the artillery?" sales the stranger.

"No; many of their botteries are masked."
Does Kellerman ownmend the artillery? salesithe stranger.

"No, Kellerman, I believe, is in diagracs," salesithe stranger.

"Ro, Kellerman, I believe, is in diagracs," salesithest butchest. "These flands are ungrateful to their best butchest. "Their artillery, I have besset told, is commanded by a more boy—a besseldest Coreioan,"

"And his name?"

"I have heard is—but I have forgottin," repiled the English commander. "They chealth have given their guars to as officer of experience. I hope much from this fatal error on their part—if indeed they have one their part—if indeed they have occurred."

"By to-morror," said the stranger, "you shall know to a certainty."

"Thus you purely in your offer !"

"I saver retract an office one made."

"And you will not give me your mane?"

"Not until I have sions something to filustrate it."

"As you please."
"Your lordship will give a line to pass the bearer' through your lines."
"I will write at once," said Mulgrave. "Once beyond them your own resources must protect you."

you."
I am confident of success, my lord."
Lord Mulgrave sorawled him a pass, and the stranger setted.
"That man is resolute," said Mulgrave, to himself, "and if any one can succeed in such an enterprise—he can do it."

CHAPTER XX.

CHAPTER EX.

LET us, with the previous of a story-teller, pass without Toulon, unchallenged by the sentinels, and suppose ourselves within a battery belonging to the Fromon Republicans. Through the embrasares are seen in the distance the towers of Toulon and the shipping in the harbour. Grouped near the generatinges were several soldiers stretched upon the earth. The relief guard under command of a surgeaut marched up, and the usual formula was observed.

"The countersign, comrade?" said the new sentinel to the soldier about quitting his post. "To let no one pass through the works, and to watch the road from Toulon to Harseilles."

"Good. "Good."
The soldiers were retiring, when the sentinel called after them:
"I say, what was the word?"
"Toulon and Liberty."
"And I can let any one pass that mays Toulon and Liberty?"
"Of course, greeny," replied the old sentinel,

urse, greeny," replied the old sentinel,

laughing.
"Very well, you can go then. Toulen and Liberty! Toulon and Liberty! Toulon and Liberty!" repeated the man, anothing to and fro. And he broke into a song as he paced his beat.

his boat.

"Oh, a gellent sans peur
Ls the marry chassesty,
With his fan-faron hors
And his ride ping-paug
With his grand havrosack
Of gold on his back,
With his prand cho-certo
And his subre kilng kinng?"

"You like that song, do you?" asked the sergeant, who had remained behind.
"Yes, don't you? But perhaps this is better:
"Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
What slaughtered myrisds bid you rise."

"Sentine!" said the sergeant, sternly.

The sentine! continued singing:

"Your children, wires and grandsires heavy,
Behold their tears, and hear their cries!

Behold their tears, and hear their cries!"

"What is your name?" shouted the sergeant.

"What is your name?" shouted the sergeaut.
"Pierrs Jordan, "replied the sentinel.
"Very well, Mr. Pierre Jordan, when you are
relieved, you will march to the guardhouse. I
place you under arrest."
"What for, sergeant?"
"Because singing under arms and on duty is expressly forbidden."
"Enough said," replied the soldier. "Another
time I'll remember it. No singing on duty. Thank
ye, sergeant. I shall make a soldier in time, shan't

"Thuck you I'll ever be a general?"
"Thuck you I'll ever be a general?"
"Possibly."
"I fampy the apaulet would suit me amazingly.
Ye sees of France! I beg your pardon. I for-

"Hash!" said the sergeaut. "Here comes our

"Rush!" said the sergeant. "Here comes our roung community."
The person time alluded to was a young man of small stature and slight figure. His cheeks were hellow and his completion allow; yet in spite of times drawbacks his tace was singularly beautiful. Seen in profile it greened a perfectly classical and pure outline. His forehead was high and broad, his eyes insteads and expressive, and while his thin lips and square lover faw betchened resolution, till there was a certain sweetness in the appreciation of the mouth that tempered the machine observed the face.

The young soldier's helr fell in long dishavelled trease on his shoulders. He were a chapean with a tricofound plume, but his long-skirted coat was shabby and threadbare, his top boots were well-worn, and the scabband of his taker was dinted and rasty.

wern, and the scabbard of his astro was dinted and rusty.

Still there was an air of command about him, which, young as he was, inspired respect. He walked into the battery with a quick, impations size, his astro clanging at his side.

Fixing his eagle glasse upon the responst, he

"Is this true?"
"Is this true?"
"Is what true, commandant?"
"That there are no artillerists willing to serve my

battery?"
"Fort Mulgrave," replied the sergeant, "is only one hundred and twenty yards off, and at the last attack seventy out of eighty gunners were shot

down."

As the sergeant spoke a ball want crashing through the branches of a tree overhead, and the severed limbs fell at the feet of the young com-

sovered limbs foll at the feet of the young coa-mandant of artillery.

"There?" said the argeant, "you see that they have got the mage, and every shot falls into our work.

"We must call for volunteers," said the officer.
"I have done so," replied the sergeant; "but not a man responded."
"Is it so?" said the officer. Then, after a moment's relection, he asked, quickly:
"Have you any paper and writing material with you?"

you?" I have."

"Than write in large letters on a sheet—'The battery of fearless men." Do you hear?'
"Yes, commandant."
"The sergeant pulled a sheet of paper from his breast, and, taking out a portable writing-case, leaned on a gun-carriage and wrote the words in a large print hand. Just as he finished a shot from the enemy struck the breastwork and covered him with earth.

with earth.

"Good!" said the sergeant, laughing; "they have sanded my paper for me."

A smile played on the handsome lips of the young

officer as he heard this remark,
"Your name?" he asked.
"Philip Berlac," replied the serjeant, with some

heaitation.
"I shall not forget it," enswered the officer.
At this moment a group of men were seen ap-

At this moment a group of men were seen approaching.

"Who goes there?" oried the sentinal, dropping his musket into the hollow of his hand.

"Blockhead!" oried the sergeant. "Presentarma!
Don't you see it's the general-in-chief and the representatives of the people."

"Place that placard in front of the battery, sergeant," said the commandant, "and everybody will flock to us."

The surgeant saluted and retired with the

The new-comers were General Cartaux, the com-ander-in-chief, and Citizens Salicetti, Gasparin

mander-in-chief, and Clisisens Salicetti, Gasparm and Freron.

"Clisisen commandant," said the general, addressing the young artillery officer, who had courteously saluted his distinguished visitors, "we have received a plan of attack from Paris, and have some to communicate it to you.

The young artillerly officer strugged his shoulders aligntly, and a faint, sarcastic smile played over his



[A DEADLY THREAT.]

sirs as he asked, carclessly: "Who is the author of this plan?"
"The celebrated engineer officer, General D'Arçon."
"Paris is a long way off, general," replied the commandant, "and perhaps Citizen D'Arçon has never seen Toulon. This is the fifth plan they have sent us from Paris, and the poorest of my gunners would make a better one than the best of them. But let us hear this new scheme."

He folded his arms and prepared to listen with an air of sarcastic incredulty.

The French republican general read as follows:
"General Cartaux will seize on all the points occupied by the enemy on the land side, abandoning the seaside entirely. He will make himself master, whatever it may cost, of Forts Faron, St. Antoine, Lartigues, St. Catherine and Lamalgue. Once master of these forts, he will proceed without delay to the bombardment of the city."

"And how many men does he send us to execute

to the bombardment of the city."

"And how many men does he send us to execute this plan?" asked the artillery officer.

"Not one," replied the general. "We must be satisfied with what we have."

"Sixty thousand men would not be enough," replied the commandant. "And, with the reinforcements from the army of Lyons, we have barely thirty thousand."

replied the commandant. "And, when have barely thirty thousand."

"Still the orders of the committee must be executed," said the Representative Freren, "or your head, citizen, will answer."

"Citizen representative," said the young artillerist, pointing to the distance, "do you see from here that citadel, perched like an earle's syrie on the flanks of yonder mountain? Well, sir, that is Fort Faron, which your Parisian committee orders us to take. Now, sir, if you would have me execute their orders, find me soldiers with wings, and saddle me a fiying dragon to lead them to the assault."

"Well," said another of the representatives, "then suppose we confine ourselves to taking Fort Lamalgue?"

"Yes," said the commandant, "and to reach it you must move your thirty thousand men under the fire of four forts and that of the entrenched camp before Toulon. And when you have left half your men upon the field, with the rest you will march to the attack of Fort Lamalgue, planned by Vauban, with its angles opposed to angles, with its battery of sixty pieces of rampart guns, and three thousand men in gurrison to serve them. Madmen!"

He had spoken with warneth, and as he finished

men in gurrison to serve them. Madmen!"
He had spoken with warmth, and as he finished he sat down on a gur-carriage, as if having said all he had to say and ended the discussion of the

"Commandant," said Cartaux, addressing him, have you directed a battery of four mortars on he powder magazine?" "Yes. "Well?"

"I threw twenty shells—seventeen struck,"
"Without producing any effect?"
"Without producing any effect."
"You must keep up the fire."
"Tis useless."
"Why?"
"Because." replied the artillerist. "the no

"Why?" replied the artillerist, "the powder has been carried into the city."

"Then you must fire on the city," said Freron, "and take advantage of the explosion of the magazine to make an attack."

"Yes, that would be well," replied the commandant of artillery, with a smile. "But who will show me which of the eight hundred houses in Toulon I must set fire to?"

"Burn all!" replied Freron, with a frown.

"Ah!" exclaimed the commandant; "must I, who and Corsican, remind you that Toulon is a French city!"

"An 'excision, remind you that Toulon is a French city!"

"What of that?" cried the Representative Stalicetti. "Turenne burned the Palatinate."

"That was necessary to his designs," replied the artillerist. "Here it would be a useless crime."

"A crime!" exclaimed Froron. "Are you an aristocrat, my friend?"

The young artillery officer simply shrugged his shoulders.

"Citizen general," said Froron, addressing Cartaux, "we must make an end of this business. Attack the city as you please, but it must be taken in eight days—or in nine I send you to Paris, as suspected, and then—"

The representative passed his finger round his throat in an unpleasantly suggestive manner.

"Well, then," said Cartaux, desperately, "I shall follow the committee's plan. The general attack shall take place to morrow."

"You will destroy yourself and the army too!" cried the commandant of artillery, springing to his feet.

"What is to be done then?" asked the general.

cried the commandant of artillery, springing to his feet.

"What is to be done then?" asked the general. The young officer pulled a roll of paper from his breast, and, opening it, pointed out on the plan therein delineated a point of land.

"There," said he, "is Toulon."

"There," cried the general. "Not at all. That is the Little Gibraltar. Toulon is on the other side. To think of your mistaking the Little Gibraltar for Toulon!"

"There!" repeated the artillerist, with emphasis,

"there is Tonlon. Take that fort to-day, and to-morrow, or the day after, the city is ours."
"It is the best defended of all the works," said

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Salicetti.

"A proof that it is the most important," replied the commandant.

"The English commander himself," said Gasparin, "has deemed it so impregnable that he declares if we take it he will become a Jacobin."

"Entrust me with the attack," said the artillerist, "and in twelve hours my sword shall be in his heart, or the red cap on his head."

"But we shall lose ten thousand men!" said Salicetti.

Salicetti.

"What of that?" oried the artillerist. "Tenthousand—twenty thousand—what matters it, so that I have three thousand left for a garrison?"

"That's the tender-hearted fellow," said Feron, "who scrupled about burning eight hundred houses. Now he talks coolly of killing ten thousand men."

"Dolt!" muttered the artillerist, between historical tenders and the said that the said the said that the sai

"Commandant," said General Cartaux, "you will hold yourself in readiness to cannonade the

"From here?" asked the commandant, with a

"Yes—why not?"

"It is two cannon shots off."

"No so!"

"Gunners!" shouted the artillerist, "in action?
Load!"

He approached the nearest piece, sighted it, took a match, applied it, and then turned away indifferently, without watching the effect of his

and the second statement of the second of the shot.

Gasparin, the representative, looked attentively through the embrasure, and then exclaimed:

"He is right. The ball fell at least two hundred yards short of the outer works."

"No matter," muttered Freron. "I dislike the fellow. He has the air of an aristocrat. But he shall obey us, for all his airs."

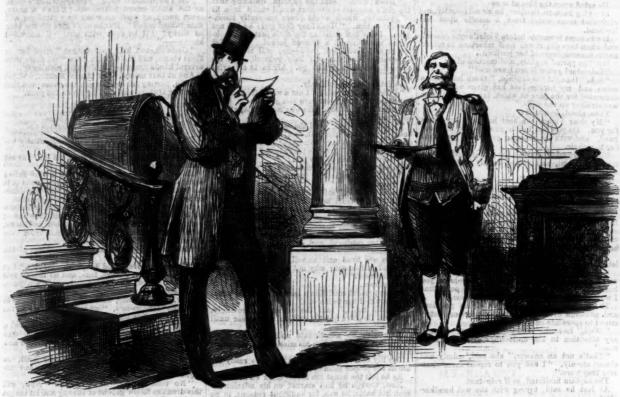
"Citizens," said Gasparin, "this young officer, it strikes me, understands better than—"

"Come, General Cartaux," interrupted Freron, "come with me, and I will give you your orders. In one hour the attack shall be commenced."

The general bowed and followed the representatives of the people.

The young artillery officer followed them with his eyes, and then sat down on one of the gas carriages.

(To be continued.)



THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

CHARLES GARVICE,

AUTHOR OF

"Only Country Love," "The Gipsy Peer," "Fickle Fortune," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII:

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,
And in his simple show he harbours treason.

Shakespears.

With the last of his stern, passionate words
echoing in the air, Leicester turned and strode

echoing in the air, Leicester turned and strode away.

He had spoken out; he had heaped scorn, repreach, and the bitterness of disregarded love upon the girl for whom his heart thirsted, but his passion and madness was not assuaged.

On the contrary, so tempestuous were the feelings which battled for predominance within his breast, that when he left the utterly astounded and crushed Violet he was blinded and completely unconscious of his whereshouts. He wanted air, however, so he bent his steps, fast and furious, towards the cliff.

Not at a very great distance from the spot where the lovers were going through their stormy interview and farewell, the captain was waiting for Job to explain to him the danger of which he had given due notice.

view and farewell, the captain was waiting for Job to explain to him the danger of which he had given due notice.

The plot was thickening for the captain, and he was impatient of delay.

He had requested Job to meet him there by the chapel ruin at sunset, and half an hour had elapsed since the king of day had sunk beneath the sea.

Presently the captain halted in his impatient pacing to and fro and listened.

There was the sound of a man's footsteps.

Another minute and Job emerged cautiously from behind the laurels.

"Come," said the captain, glancing at the horizon, "you are late."

"Can't help it, cap'n," said Job, with a shake of the head. "I been hanging about here waitin' for an opportunity for the last hour: somebody's been about too close for me to get near you."

"Maester Leicester," replied Job.
"I thought so," said the captain, beekoning Job to come farther under the shadow of the ruined arches. "I thought so, Job; it was to speak of him I wanted you here."

He then recounted his adventures of the preceding night after parting from Job and Willie, concluding, emphatically:

"So, if Leicester Dodson has not already dis-

IMR. THAXTON'S LETTER.]

covered the secret he will do so before many hours

covered the secret he will do so before many hours are past, be sure."

Job looked as grave as the captain could desire.

"It's an orkard thing," he muttered. "Who'd a thought as Measter Leicester would a taken the trouble to go looking about after anything. He's said to be so indolent and lasy going. I'd sooner it'ud a been any one else on the mortal globe,"

"Ab," said the captain, with a sneer, "Mr. Leicester Dodson seems to be a favourite with all you men."

Leicester Dodson seems to be a favourite with all you men."

"He is that," admitted Job, "but it ain't on that account, cap'n. I'm a grievin' cause it ain't possible to come to no arrangements wi Maester Leicester. You see he is so firm and straightforward and bold, as one may say, that it sin't no manner o' use to try and get over him."

"You mean that Mr. Leicester would not wink at our little game, and join us in it?"

"Not he," said Job, decisively. "If Maester Leicester thinks there be anything goin' on agen the laws like, and he finds it out, he'll make no terms wi' any on us. He be a kind young gen'elman, but he be what they calls just."

"Ah!" said the captain; "and so, I presume, from what you say, that you will relinquish the smuggling, and turn honest in deference to this just Mr. Leicester?"

Job looked up and shook his head grimly.

"Don't you think that," he said. "Nobody must interfere, whether it be Maester Leicester or anyone else. What I'm grieved at is that it should be him."

him."
"But being him-what then?" asked the cap-

tain. "Why, we'll have to-

Job paused. "What's that?" he asked, as a quick, firm step

was heard near them.
"It is he, Leicester Dodson," said the captain, as Leicester's stalwart figure moved past the lane. "He is always hanging about on the watch. Rest assured that very few nights will pass before he has uncarthed the secret. Remember his own words to me." Job looked seaward, and a determined light came

Job looked seaward, and a determined light came into his eyes.

"He is going up the cliffs at a good pace," he said. "Perhaps he's going up to the coastguard now."

"Not pullbale."

now."

"Not unlikely," said the captain.
Job nodded grimly.

"He must be got rid of."

The captain's heart beat fast.
"What!" he said, "you think it would be easy to tip Mr. Leicester over these cliffs?"

Job's face paled a little.

"Easy enough," he muttered; "but is there any occasion for such out-and-out work as that, cap'n? Look 'ee here," and, drawing the captain closer, he whispered something in his ear.

Captain Howard Murpoint nodded.

"I see," he said, musingly, his eyes fixed upon the figure of Leieester, which had dropped down upon the hot grass, with its face turned seaward. "I see. It is a good idea, and easily carried out."

"Well, let it go at that, cap'n," said Job, as if he had been striking a bargain. "Let it go at that. We meet here to-night, say at twelve. You'll work that part of the game, and leave the rest to me."

"Agreed," assented the captain, consulting his watch. And after a few more words the conspirators parted—Job stealing away down towards the beach, the captain carelessly passing through the wilderness of the ruined chapel to the trim-kept lawns of the Park.

As he entered the hall the servant brought him a

It was from the solicitor, Mr. Tharton, and indicated that the writer would be at the Park on

"To-morrow," he muttered; "there is no time to

"To-morrow," he muttered; "there is no time to lose."

With an air of careless serenity he entered the drawing-room with the open letter in his hand.

For the moment, seeing no one, he thought that the room was empty, but as he was about to leave it he caught a glimpse of a muslin dress in a corner, and going nearer found that it was Violet, and that Violet herself was lying crouched in the semi-darkness as if saleep.

"Strange!" he muttered. "Why couldn't she hie on the sofa comfortably? Shall I rouse her?"

He shortoned himself and looked down at her much as a surgeon might regard a subject he had been experimenting on.

"She had not been looking well lately. What poor, miserable things women are at their best? Even this girl, whom I credited with some nerve and pluck, goes down like a lily before the first gust of that blast which they call love! I'll wake hor."

He laid his hand upon her shoulder lightly and called her.

called her.

But the limp figure did not move, and, bending down, he saw that she was not asleep but in a

"Phew!" he whistled, starting to the bell.

But he paused with his hand upon it.
Suppose he brought her to himself?

In the moment of recovery she might say something that would give him a hold upon her, or at least compel her to confide in him.

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He acted upon the idea at once. Stepping back to the door, he closed it softly, and sprinkled some water from a caraffe upon her chead.

It was some moments before Violet's eyes ope

It was some moments before Violet's eyes opened, and when they did it was as if reluctant to return to the consciousness of her position.

Her lips parted slightly, and murmured:
"Leicester! you will not leave me!"
"Loicester! you will not leave me!"
acene and my loving lass has given way. That accounted for the pace at which my Lord Leicester.

"Soh," thought the captain, acree has seen and my loving lass has given way. That accounted for the pace at which my Lord Leicester was striding up the cliffs."
Then, aloud, he added:
"My dear Violet, the heat has been too much for you. Do you feel better now? Give me your hand," and with the greatest gentleness he reseed

her to a chair.

Violet esruggled against the deadly confusion of mind and soul, and smiled faintly as she mid,

mind and soul, and smiled faintly as she said, wearfly:

"Yes, it was the heat."

"Let me call Mrs. Midmay," said the captain.

Violet rose with difficulty and stopped him in his assumed captains," she said, looking at him from the depths of her great sad eyes, "do not call any one." Then, with a londer tene and a closer scrutiny, she added, "How long have you been here in the room?"

"Some little time," said the captain, "but peay let me summen Mrs. Hildenay."

"No," said Violet. "Some little time." Tell me, trethfully, please, I implers you—have you heard me—have I said saything on any point that I would not have said had I been conscious?"

The captain saw the strength of his position, and, although every seement was precious, determined to speculate on it.

"Well," he said, "and if you have no one pays any attention to the mutterings of means dominess."

"That's not an answer." she said, calmly and.

ness."
"That's not an answer," she said, calmly and almost sternly. "I ask you to repeat them whatalmost sternly.

er they were.

The captain hesitated, as if reluctant.

At last he said, toying with the wet handker

onict:
"I gathered from what you let slip—a few words
merely—that you had seen and besu tasking to Mr.
Leicester Dedson."
Violet flushed for a memori, then turned deadly

pale. "Yes," she said, "and is that all?"

Violet Raines for a memori, then the result and any pale.

"Yes," she said, "and is that all?"

"My dear young lady," said the captain, "why distross yourself needlessly? Can you doem me so base, so dishonourable, as to be capable of repeating anything I may have heard? No," and he haid his hand upon his breast and turned his face, with a hurt expression on it, "ne, I am incapable of such meaness towards any one, least of all to the daughter of my old friend John Mildmay."

Violet's eyes moistened, and the captain, taking advantage of her weakness, imstantly added:

"But, my dear Violet—if you will permit me to call you so—why distress yeurself at all? Nothing is so had but it can be mended. Lovers' quarrels are proverbially bitter only to turn sweet."

"Lovers' quarrels," interrupted Violet, hittorly.
"De you think it was only that? Oh," she continued, eagerly, "if I could but believe that he did not mean or think all he said! If I could persuade myself that he did not eccer and despise hes!"

"Tush! tush!" said the captain, with a gentle smile. "Leicester seem, despise you? My dear young lady, he loves the very ground upon which you tread! Despise?—he worships you?"

Violet's face flushed, and her whole being thrilled. Was it really so, or did the captain, in to your fest again," continued the wily explain, reading the trembling girl's soul as plainly as if it were a book. "One little word—say two. "Come hack'—will bring him her on the wings of leve and repentance."

Violet anak into the chair.

"One little word—say two, "Oome bank",—willbring
him here on the wings of leve and repentance."

Violet sank into the chair,

"Shall I be the bearer of these words?" he
asked, leaning over the back of the chair. "Shall
I bring him? Only give me permission, incline your
head the slightest, and I will be off to carry the
welcome message!"

Violet shock her head, and the tears dropped

her head, and the tears dropped

Violet shock her head, and the tears uropped apon her classed hands.
"No," she muranred, bitterly, as love struggled with pride. "No, the words should not some from me. I will not send them."

"As, the words should not come from
me. I will not send them."
"Set him the example of that ewest virtue, forgiveness," murmured the captain, with the gravity
of a fashionable preacher.
"It is too late," said Valet, hiding her face.
"He has started for—frien," here also broke
down and sobbed aloud. "Gono—gone, thinking
me all that he called me, heartless, vain, wicked—
oh, so wicked!"

"Hush! hush!" said the captain, dreading that the girl's unusual excitement would result in a fit of hysteries, which would prove eminently inconvenient to him. "Hush! my dear girl; he. has not gone. I saw him climbing the oliffs just now, boking as misorable as a starved jackal. There, let me go and fetch him back-you will thank me afterwards; but you will hate yourself—and me also—if you allow him to go. Africa is a fearful place!"

place!"
Violet looked up suddenly.
"I decide," she said; "I am a weak, foolish a but at least I would not have him go without him what I have to say. He—he may without him what I have to say. He—he may without him what I will go at once," said the captain, without mess. "I will tell him that, and"—he made address—"can I not take something in the same of the captain of the captain of the captain.

Violet nodded and commenced to unfastum "Ah, he will remember it without doubt," the captain.

"Ah, he will remember the captain.
"Give him this," said Violet, in a low voice, ing out a lily from her little bouquet. "It mean no more than I would have it mean—peased will," said the captain, matching up his "and rely upon my haste."

He walked quickly out of the room, but a ment after returned, and, with the flower is hand, said;

"You are tired and unwell, exhausted at and excitement; why not go up to you and rost?"

Violet rose.

In her present condition a less vily could have monded her to his will.

"That's right," said the captain, approvingly.

"Go and lie down quietly, and do not so year until

Then with an affectionate nod, tall sympathy, he departed on his miss

The lily he start into his batton hele ready use at the proper moment.

As he left the house the started on his mission.

Now, though he had started on his mission reasons in such hot haste, he was, for sufficient reasons, in no great hurry to find Leicester and deliver the mes-sage of peace and good-will with which he was bur-

dened.

In fact, to be candid, the captain did not want to see Mr. Leidester for at least an hour and a half.

He was also particularly anxious that the offended lovers should not meet in the meat while.

Therefore he made a slight detour, and comfortably ensconced himself in the shubbery, which commanded a view of the chiffs, the Cedars, the next thereform, and a part of the beach.

Leicester Dedson could not gain sight or speech of Violet without the captain's knowledge.

Violet without the captain's knowledge.
With an exercise of restraint and patience highly
mmendable, the schemer sat and smoked until the

commendable, the schemer save and schemer structure clover attract cleaven.

Then he rose and left his post of observation. It was almost dark, and the lights in the village twinkled in the valley like so many free files. Very cantiously, after inspecting Violet's window, and satisfying himself by the light which burned in the window that Violet was still upstairs, he descended the hill, and, keeping close to the hodge,

gained the village.

As it was positively necessary to the sposess of his plot that he should be seen by as few people as possible that evening he diverged from the high street and approached the "Blue Lion" by a back

As he had walked quickly thus far he knew that Leicester could not have left the Cedars for his nightly promonade on the cliffs, or he, the captain, would have seen him. The task before him, then, was to crouch behind the cluster of out-buildings behind the "Blue Lifor"

and wait for him.

and wait for him.
By the noise and confusion inside the "Blue Lton" he could tell that Martha was preparing to turn "the boys" out, and he fancied that he could hear Jem's voice amongst the rest.

If it should be so, and the collision could be brought about between the drunken raffian and Leicester Dedson, how much trouble would be spared him!

spared him!
While he was listening and watching impatiently he saw the star, which Jem had seen ancet up from the see, and which the captain knew for the signal from the amuggler's vessel, rise into the sir.
"They'll come now," he muttered. "They'll come now," he muttered. "They'll come is and that young idiot not here yet!"
Even as he speke, and raised his hand to wipe the perspiration which excitement had raised upon his forelead, Martin's shrill voice could be fisard.
"Out with you! you've had enough to might and

"Out with you you've had enough to might, a more than enough. As for you, Jem Starling, you a disgrace to the house, and I wish that master yours had hanted you out o' the village."

"He's no master o' mine," hicoupped Jem's voice, as the small crowd poured out. "He's a nasty, mean sneak, as used me when he wanted me, and then turned me off! But he can't give me the sack so easily! I'll be even with him. I knows—I knows—

Come on, and hold your tongue," cried two or "Come on, and hold your tongde," cried two or three voices, and the daptain know that there were several hands dragging the drunken man away.

And at that moment Jem utbered a suarl, and the soptain, peering out to assert

OHAPTER XXIX.

He that stands upon a slippery place Makes sice of no vile hold to stay hum up.

Makes size of no vite hold to stay hum up.

Statisspears.

Lincontract came striding down, apparently unconceinns of the seems and the actors.

His face, seen by the light from the inn, was set hard and starn.

Many of the men who looked upon it were called upon to describe it afterwards, and some spoke of it as looking like the face of a man who had determined to keep himself from flying into a passion.

As he passed the group, who drew back to let him go by, he turned his head slightly and frowned at Jam, who had suddenly become sober and stood, with hangday shead, looking upwards from the torners of his wil little eyes.

"Sooms out up about summus," said one of the men.

"Ground in love," said Job, with a laugh. "But that no business of ours, lads, and no more's this feel of a fellow," he added, giving Jom a push. "He seems table to take care of misself."
"Ay," saids volce, which the cappain knew to be Witter-Sanderson's, "we must get down to the bests. It's a fine night for a cast.
"Ay," was the cone, and then there followed a welley of "good night's," all fixed at Jim, who musted out a sulles "good night" in answer and relief up, but with a more sober gait.

The man, with Job and Willis at their head, ran them to the bests, and spain the captain saw the signal fly out into the night.

"No time to less," he muttered. "Now, will this dranken follow get out of theway and let me get to work?"

As if he had heard the unspeken question. Jem stopped suddenly wid, after looking round cunningly, turned off to the right and commenced ascending the steep path which sted to the cliffs.

He was following in the immediate wake of Lei-

the was following in the immediate water of Lin-ester Dodson.

The captain started and drew himself apright.

What did it mean?

He strained his eyes and peered into the summer darkness.

Yes, Jem, sober and steady as a man could be, was walking up the path, his back half-bent, as if to make himself as little conspicuous as possible. In an instant the problem was lovived?

The captain knew that Jem was on the track of his revenge, and was dogging Leicester Dedson with murcierous intent?

A malicious, surdonio smile lit up his face.

Sch l''sh mutthered, "that is it, is it? Well, let it be so. Jem will save us some ugly work, and do great service. Better still, if the two, rascal and fool, go over together?

"Buch things have been," he mattered, pondering desply. "They may struggle close to the edge and so go over looked in each other's arms! Would it do to leave it to chance? Suppose," and his eye hands a suppose Leicester Dodson should hear the samesain's footsteps, be prepared, and disarm without killing him? What would be the consequences? Jem—lives-hear led wretch—would make confession, peach upon the whole plot, and send us both back to that frighted the chast fri out killing him? What would be the consequences? Jem—lives-hearted wretch—would make confession, peach upon the whole plot, and send us both back to that trighted stone-breaking. No, no! it must not be left to chance! Better that Leicester Dodson should be wiped out and Jem left."

Thus decided, the villain determined to help the assessin who was stoaling up after his proy.

"Fill make it sure!" and he felt in his breast as he spoke. "Armed with this, Jem can't fail. Leicester Dodson will trouble me on more, and I can frighted his murderer out of the way!"

Sotting his hat on his head, the pictors started at a quiet but hished step in pursuit of the two men—the tracked and the tracker.

the tracked and the tracker.

It was a strange scene.

The lover striding on with stern, set pace and sching heart; the assassin at his bests, thirsting for his blood; and the srch-plotter who had pulled all the wires which had moved the passions of both men softly and swiftly following up behind to make the marderer's task easy and offective!

Panting and oreathless, the captain at last described the thickest figure of Jem croudning on the path. With a steating cantion the captain crept up to him and whispered ms name.

With a guilty start and a smothered oath the ruffing turned.

Bulleds to a

the

unset

terim

3.5

he at

to

"Hush!" said the captain. "I've followed you

Before he could proceed the idea of treachery and capture had taken hold of Jem's mind, and, with a livid face, he sprang upon his lats muster.

In an instant they were looked in each other's arms and struggling for dear life, afraid to speak for fear of alaxming their joint victim, who also do or lay on the grass farther up the chilf and out of joint

or lay on the grass farther up the cliff and cut-of eight.

With a fearful intensity they worked to and fro, struggling each to get the upper hand of the other. Every misant they draw anarer and nearer the edge of the frightful prouppies.

Below them the dark sea roared sullenly as it beat egainst the jarged region.

In a moment, one, parkaps both of them, would be lying, torn and mangled and battered, upon these same rooks, with the sait sea washing over their dead bodies.

Not a word was upoken, but both men knew what lay below them, and both knew thus they were fighting to the death.

Jem's arms, short, and strong as iron, panned the long, little ones of the captain's breast, unsheathed and radiy far use, but he could not use it; he could only lock his arms round his adversary and writhe and strain until the ayes were almost started from their scokats in the endeatour to force the sturdy convict to the ground.

Nearer and nearer they approached the edge of the captain's brain grow they are the felt himself calling, but, by an effort direction of the captain's brain grow they are the felt himself calling, but, by an effort direction of the captain's brain grow they are the started falling, but, by an effort direction of the captain's brain grow they are the started falling, but, by an effort direction of the captain's brain grow they are the started falling, but, by an effort direction of the captain's brain grow they are the started falling, but, by an effort direction of the captain's brain grow they are the started falling, but, by an effort direction of the captain's brain grow they are the started falling, but, by an effort direction of the captain's brain grow they are the started falling, but, by an effort direction of the captain's brain grow they are the started fall the captain to the grow they are the started fall the captain to the grow they are the started fall the captain to the grow the started fall the captain to the grow the started to the grow the started fall the captain to the grow the sta

the cliff.

The captain's brain grow flirsy—he felt himself falling; but, by an effort gigantic and overwhelming, called up all his strength to play a tuins.

With a slight cry, he glared over Jens's shoulder, as if he saw some one or something.

The faint took effect. For bail an instant Jens relaxed his hold and turned his head.

In this stroke of time the captain had freed one arm.

Something bright flashed through the night and buried itself in Jem's breast. With a muffled very and a gasp, he throw up his arms, then fell like a log on the sward.

Instanting the gast in

log on the sward.

Instantly the captain bent down, and, opening one thick, clammy hand, pressed into it the waite, crushed hily which he was it ais button, hole.

The dying man's hand closed on the flower, and his eyas opened with a glare of hate and distrust. Thus, as the light died out of them, the captain dragged the body of his eccomplice and tool to the edge and harlad it over.

Then he leaned over and peared down, as if to watch the body as it fell, rose to his feet, and, with a long breath of naiof, nommenced to arrange his disordered attire.

watch the body as it fell, rose to his feet, and, with a long breath of relief, commenced to arrange his disordered attire.

So short, though deadly, had been the atrurgle for the mastery that nothing, not a coat or coller, was torn, and, after passing his handkerchief over his brow, he was about to hurry on, when he remembered the knife, which in the excitement had elipped from his hand.

He went on his hands and knees and sparched carefully, but could not find it.

"It must have gone over with him." he want.

The west on the same and knows and sparents carefully, but could not find it.

"It must have gone over with him," he muttered, and he decided, after a still more careful examination of the ground, that it had.

All farther search for it was rendered impossible by the sound of footsiers.

Looking up, he saw the stalwart figure of Leicester Dodson coming swiftly down towards him.

Instantly he called out; and without anxiety:

"It is," came back Leicester's deep, stern voice.

"I am so grad," spiled the captain. "I have been looking for you averywhere!"

By this time Leicester had teached him, and stood with his hand in his chroast regarding him sternly and curiously.

By this time livicester had seached him, and stood with his hand in his observant regarding him sternly and curiously.

"You have been looking for me?" He said.

"Kes," said the captain, "and for some time. I went up to the Cenne, but met an old man who told me that you had gone out. I at once concluded that, you had gone out. I at once concluded that, you had gone out to the Park, and hurried back, but the servants assured me that you had not called, so I want on to the village. Well, to one a long story short, I beard that you were not there, and actually ascended the till again by the other road only to find when I had got to tile top that you had started for your usual nightly promenade upon the cliffs. I am so glad, so awfully glad that I have found you!"

"What is the matter?" asked Leicester, will sternly, but with a suppressed eagerness in his voice, as if he entertained the kinadow of a hope that he had been sent for and that by Violet.

"Can you not guess?" said the captain. "Why should I be roving up and down the country at this time of night if there were not some cogent reason for it?"

"I am in no humour for commudrams, and I beg you will not keep me in suspense," said Leicester.

"Were you sent to nid me?"

men'ss I esteem your society," said the captain, much as I esteem your society," said the captain, with a grave langh." You can prehaps given by whom: I would prefer that you should get the information that way than more plainly i from me. I think, and when you can calmly somewifer that you will yourself time, that it should have been your place to plead for forgiveness and not to assist your place to plead for forgiveness and not to be a possible time, that it should have been your place to plead for forgiveness and not be because the place to plead for forgiveness and so be because of the place to plead for forgiveness and so be because of the place to plead for forgiveness and so be because the place to plead for forgiveness and so be because of the place to plead for forgiveness.

nificant.

"Speak plainly." he said, in a low voice. "Exonse me if I have corresary, Copasia Murpoint. I
have suffered and an suffering a great deal from,
as I have believed, an unworthy cause. Do you
come to tell me that—that—

"Pahaw, man!" said the captain. "I have come
from the woman to whom you have lost your heart,
and whom you have lashed and toptared by your
remantic uphradings and representes. Don't be
offended with me. I have had my days of romance
and sentiment, though I am not much other than
you. Why, how much older am I? A few years
only, if any."

only, if any decided impatiently.

Leigester moved impatiently.

For Heaven's sake do not keep me in staspensa!" he cried. "You say that Violet—Miss Middinay—sent for me? Where is she?"

Where should she be but in her own house?" said the captain, bantaringly. "Come, my dear fellow—you have made yourself and her quite miserable enough for one night, and I have come to make you'both happy."

"You came from her?" said Leiester.

make you both happy."

"You came from her?" said Leicester.

"The word and the thing needed between you is? Peace."

"The word and the thing needed between you is? Peace."

"The word and the thing needed he were you is? Peace."

"The word and the thing needed her wiped the peace of t

only Poace!"
Leiseater hald out his hand.
"Capter Aurpoint," he said, and his voice
strugged for calm, "I have wronged you. You
strugged for calm, "I have wronged you. You
strange hearted, good-natured gentleman would
have taken so much trouble to bring happiness to
an obstinate, wooden-headed, conceited young
fool.

on the continue of the captain, disclaimingly, as he shook the hot hand cordially.

"And she sent for me!" continued Leicester, in a rhapsody of gratifude and love. "Bless her gentic heart! What a brute I must have seemed to nor! I said more than I meant, captain. I swear I did; I was mad at the time, mad with jeslousy and love, and wounded vanlty. But enough of that. Where is she?"

Where is she?"
"Easy!" said the captain. "We must have Easy!" said the captain. "We must have more cantion. You lowers are such impulsive creatures. It is well you have some stabild, feelish, soft hearted Captain Murpoint to help you."

Loncester, as fully blinded by love as Violet had been two hours since, grasped his hand again—that hand which only a few minutes before had taken a fallow-creature a life!

hand wind only a tew initutes below the fellow-creature's fife!

"Come," and the captain. "I must be candid, I appose, and execute my embassing properly. The fact is I left Violet hiding sangly in the old

Leicester started, and a slight shadow of sus-licion clouded his joy.

"Hiding in the old chapel? Why should she do not?" he asked.

hat?" he asked, "That she can best tell," said the captain. "That she can best tell," said the captain. "Of course she does not expect to see you, and you can see not compelled to come. The fast is we were out for a walk, and finding her low-spirited I drew from her the cause. Indeed, she volunteered the confession that you had been using her cruelly, and had gone off in a mad fit of injustice to catch an Atrican faver. I at once saw that I might help to arrange this lovers' quarral, and offered, may insisted upon inding you and bringing you to your senses. Of course the gentle creature, with nay insisted upon finding you and bringing you to your senses. Of course the gentle creature, with true maidenly modesty, forbade me to do anything of the sort, and at last yielded to my entreaties so far as to permit me to come after you, and say that she hoped you would not go with any ill-feeling aristing for her in your least. That was enough for me, my dear fellow, and I started."

"But the chapel—why should she wait there?" asked Leicester, eager to be convinced, yet still suspicious.

"We were near there, and she said that she would wait until I returned. I left her seated on the old tomb, and there she sits now, depend on it, or I am much out in my estimate of a lover's en-

"You need not come so far," said the captain; "ahe may have gone on."

all would go to the end of the word on the chance of seeing her to night," and Laicester.

"Come along then," exclaimed the captain. "take my arm!"
Laicester raised his arm, the captain at the same moment raised his arm, the captain at the same the moment over a loose stone, his hand struck he moment over a loose stone, his hand struck he moment over a loose stone, his hand struck he moment over a loose stone, his hand struck he moment over a loose stone, his hand struck he moment over a loose stone, his hand struck he moment over a loose stone, his hand struck he moment over a loose stone, his hand struck he moment over a loose stone, his hand struck he with a loose stone, with a movement. "How stupid and clumsy of me! I thought you

Leionster's hat off.

"That' tabl" he exclaimed, with amoyance.

"How stupid and clumay of me! I thought you were going to take may are and I stumbled over a stone. I wonder whether I can get it?" and he neared the edge.

"No! no! avolaimed Leicester, impatiently.
"Contound the hat! what does it matter? Come away, or you'll stumble again, perhaps, and pop over. It's death it you do."

"Ah, well, I am afraid it has gone over," said the captain, apparently much vexed at his own carelessness. I wish it had been my hat instead of yours."

yours.

"No matter," said Lelcester. "Come on: remember that she is waiting there all alone. Much as I long to see her I hope she has gone home."

The two proceeded arm in arm down the steep path, the river roaring hoursely down below, where the dead, mangled body lay glaring upwards.

On the captain's face came a surdonic grin of malicious, femilish merriment.

Leicester's heart beat fast with love and the excitement of hope.

the monte of the part boat fast with love and the ex-standamly ine stopped.

Suddenly ine stopped.

Luck back! You say the circle. "Look back! You sake spot where we stood? There, that point?" The captain paled.

"You."

"That's a blessed spot in my experience. There if first saw Violet Mildmay. I remember picking up her person and losing my hat. By Jove! it's a tare place for things to fall over at. Come alongs do I walk too fast?"

MY BEAUTIFUL ZELIMA.

"Would you have a foretaste of Paradise? Try

hashesh."

"A Massaman's paradise?" I said, interrogatively. "A drame is soft-eyed bouris, and eschanting music, and delicious odours, that is supplied in languar and bewitch the senses?"

Bir Morton Hurley took the narghileh from his siparfor a moment, and the blues smoke curied lazily away, molting into the still golden air, fading through the nder shades of gray, till it was lost in the impalpable other.

through tender shades of gray, till it was lost in the impalpable other.

"Well! What would you have? Is it worse than the modern idea of that other imaginary world, where increasant activity is the order of things, and make the work where increasant activity is the order of things. whate marks and activity is the order or raings, and one just takes up the work one ompleted here, and goes on with it? Think of being a diplomat through all the countless were of enemity. Heaven formally And Sir Merton shrugged his shoulders and made a raing of the shoulders and the shoulders and the shoulders. and her mester arranged his shoulders and made a grimato sufficiently indicative of his discretish for his profession. Then the narghido was replaced, and his customary tauquility returned. Sir Morton had the oriental indifference and self-

Sir Morton had the oriental indifference and self-poise, that quiet, self-contained superiority to all sublunary chances and changes, which make the oriental character at once so incomprehensible and so fascinating to Eurapeans, and his fine; clear skin was browned to civic by the lost carcases of the castern sun, and his beard sweet his breast in true oriental fashion.

iontal lannon.

While I sat, and watched mythost, and indulged in while I sat, and watered myrnos, and and negot in various idle reverses, too evanescent and intempible to be easied thoughts, she sue went slowly down, reciseing the Bespherts with his last level rays, and linguing longest upon the pointed minarcts of redsening the Bosphorus with his last level rays, and hispering lengest upon the pointed minarets of the talk asseque near by. The sings awarging at anchor atood out bright in the foreground; the curious lateen sails, dipping far forward; graw golden. Up from the salves cane the monotoness thant of the beatines; the silver drip of water from the care, the rhythmic inness of the longs wasp, came softly in the interludes of the song. The air was lwarm and palpitating; ewest fragrance of cleanders and roses, and stratge trapical flowers, as gorgeous and fiscy at their native sweet fragrange of oleanders and roses, and stranged trapical flowers, as gorgeous and fissy as their native sun, floating on this warm wind, and beguiled and charmed us. Soon, while all this warmth and glery of light, and colour, and sweetness of periume, and beauty of melody were ripe, the sun went out over the

desort.

It was all enchanting to me. I had came back to my old quarters at the Ragish embassy, and in the intervals of plans and preparations for another excursion desort ward, I lived over the past or discussed with dir Morten, in a lazy, desultory manner, the ways of this movel oriental life.

And so hasheesh and its potent spell had come up, and his Morton had readware a curious chapter out of his own experience. And now, while I sat silent,

thinking it over, he took up the subject again, as if his mind had been keeping pace with mine in the long silence, echoing my very thought. "It is strange that the longing after some Lethe

has been so active among the orientals. Their savans elaim that the whole science of anesthetics was familiar to them hefore it had been dreamed of by Europeans, that they earliest learned the use of opiates, and the potent spell of hasheesh," said Sir

"Do you know that old tradition of the wonderful flower, that, far in mid-Africa, under the equator, close to the hot heart of the tropies, where the White Nile rises in mystery, and the secret of the continent lies hid, exhales its fragrame till the continent fies ind, extented its fragrance in the whole atmosphere grows drunken; the birds sing in delirious joy; the winds grow whist, and leave no more the enchanted valley; the very clouds, pausing in their eternal voyage through the endless space, stoop low, and, catching the magical odour, dissolve in crystal tears, and go no more back to their aerial

Sir Morton smiled.

"You must try hasheesh."
"Well, if you like," I returned, carelessly. "The

experience will not come amiss."

Sir Morton touched a little silver bell at his elbow
In a moment I had risen, and was looking in mute

A girl had come into the little courtyard. No rustle of drapery had intimated her presence. Suddenly and noiselessly she had appeared there, as if she had rison from the bosom of the fountain. I almost looked for the gleam of sliver spray in the purple blackness of her hair. Then I smiled at my fancies. One may fancy anything about so lovely a woman—too lovely to have been of mortal birth. She was draped from head to foot in black, a slight

She was draped from head to foot in black, a slight figure, crowned by a superb head, not dark nor fair, but something surpassing either, with a richness is her colourless ivery complexion beside which the rosiest blonde would have looked pale and faied.

"Bring me the little silver box at the right hand corner of my ebony desk, Zellma," said Sir Morton. She glided out as softly as abe had entered, and presently returned with the little silver box, which Bir Morton took from her hand.

"There's not enough there to do you any harm," he said when the girl had retired. "It would take twice as much to influence me. Now you can have

twice as much to influence me. Now you can have visions to your heart's content. Meantime, I have some papers to look over, and you'll be good enough to excuse me. I'll join you in an hour, and then we will have coffee."

For a moment his steps clattered across the marble floor, and then I was alone in the sweet hush of the noor, and then I was alone in the sweet hush of the tropical night. It was a good time to test the power of the wouder-working demon. I was not afraid of it. Then with the long stem of the narghileh at my lips, I sat quiet and curious.

The night came on apace, if that was night which

seemed only a softer, sweeter day. The sun had left the sky all barred and mottled with rosy clouds They faded now to a soft gray, and, crowding to They laded now to a soit gray, and, crowding to-gether, swept in heavy masses towards the south, the sky was a clear, bright amber. The slow pulsa-tions of the waves sounded along the shore. The sea was fading in the gloom, but far out over the waters shone red lights here and there from belated

A great gorgeous moth brushed his wings a my face. I caught a glimpse of green and gold and tawny crimson, and it occurred to me to add this gay night-rover to my souvenirs of the East, but when I would have risen I found that some subtle power chained my steps and turned my limbs to stone.

I drew out my note-book, resolved to set down
my sensations as fast as they succeeded each other,
for I perceived with pleasure that whatever influence
it might have upon my body my mind was unaffected
or rather had gained in clearness and vigour, in power of observation and analysis.

Was that my ego sitting upon the divan, with that pression of divine beatitude upon the features expression of There was a tall mirror opposite me, which reflected my full figure. The face, the form, the odious red beard, which I detested, and which so stubbornly resisted all ameliorating influence, I recognized these and yet I was convinced that I—my spirit—was separate and apart, looking down from some point in ace unapproachable by any morta

A moment ago, and there was a loud continuous singing, as of many bells; but that had ceased; so, too, had the dulcet melody that, rising above all the jangling discordance, sang to me of peace, and love, and the fulness of control. And with the death of that strain had vanished the last in that confined me to the earth. Strong, bold and glad, I szulted in my freedom.

No more struggles for wealth and position, and so

no more activities. No nse now for the faculties sharpened by practice, and toughened by many a hard strain. No more keen pleasure in work or success. Summer and winter might come and go,

hard strain. No more keen pleasure in work or success. Summer and winter might come and go, and still I should be idle.

Summer and winter! I had left them far behind. Was that a gain? The grass would grow green on the hillsides; the May showers would wake the dark woods to beauty; wide pastures, in that dear home of mine would grow gay with slowers—red columbines upon every knoll, and lobelia, blue as heaven, in every damp hollow—and I should not see it; antum should touch the world with splendour, but not for me. Not for me, the rush of the wind, wild and strong, the tumult of the storm, the pulsing of the waves on the shore. on the shore.

How I should miss the dear, familiar sights Ah! How I should miss the dear, familiar sights and sounds. A weary world it was, with many a rough way for tired feet to walk in, with many a heartache—but it was home. And, thinking of all this, I fancied that my eyes grew humid, and so, in a moment, in some nearchicable way, I slipped down from my eyrie in space, and was only once more Rego Maurice, with the red beard, sitting upon the divers the Sir Morton Hurley had left me.

from my eyes an experience and one the divan where Sir Morton Huxley had left me.

Well, I had a curious experience and one not without a moral. I should tell it to Sir Morton. Ali, was he not coming now?

A light footfall sounded upon the marble floor! I rose to my feet, in some embarrassment and surprise, for it was the beautiful Zelima. The soft oval eyes met mine steadily for a moment, and then oval eyes met mine steadily for a moment, and then I stammered out that Sir Morton had left me, that I stammered out that S he would be back soon.

"It was not Sir Morton that I wished to see," she said, in a soft melodious voice.

Then it must be myself. My heart leaped quickly to this conclusion.

"I bould I do anything for her?" I asked, eagerly.
"I could I do anything for her?" I asked, eagerly.
"I should be delighted to be of service. Would she only command me?"

Her colour wavered, her beautiful eyes faltered

and fell to the ground.
"Are not all Franks deceifful? Are the men of

blue eyes and light locks to be trusted?

Not all Franks are deceitful, beautiful Zelima,

"Not all Franks are deceifful, beautiful Zelima," I said, warmly. "Let me prove to you the truth of one. You are in trouble. Let me help you. You are serrowful. How gladly would I comfort you." Her face was so sweet in its touching sadness, her dark eyes so lovely as they overflowed with tears, her attitude—her two small hands crossed on her breast, her head a little beut—so noble in its dejection, that all which was chivalrous in me sprang up to answer the call upon my knightly service.

to answer the call upon my knightly service.

Besides, my imagination was kindled; I was about to catch a glimpee of the romance of oriental

Zelima smiled, A faint rose-colour stained her

Zelima sminut.

"You are very good," she said, gently. "My father told me that you were wicked and cruel, but I did not believe him, you see," she added, naïvely.

"Your father?" I echoed, ignoring the rest of

"My father—Sir Morton Huxley" she repeated, a little proudly, giving a hasty glance around her. "And your mother?" I questioned.

She glanced up at a green jalousic above, covered with some climbing vine, all rosy with bloom.

"She is his wife, but he does not love her as he used," she said, sadly. "She sits all day in that window and sometimes she hears his voice in the garden; but he is not kind to her now and she has mly me for a comfort and soon she will not have

even me."

"Is your father going to send you to England to be educated?" I saked, in some wonder.

Zelima clasped her little hands in a sudden rage.

"Ah! would that he only would!" she cried.

"But he intends me to marry Ismael Pacha. The pacha's interest, which is very powerful, has been exerted for my father, and this is the way he requites him."

My surprise and horror were inexpressible. Was My surprise and horror were inexpressible. Was it possible that Sir Morton Huxley had become so demoralised, so far a convert to the barbarous ideas of the East, as to be guilty of such an enormity? If it was true, it was a new and powerful illustration of the way in which character and opinion are moulded by circumstances. I remembered Ismael Pacha—a heavy stolid Turk, fat, old and hideous. "Zelima, this is horrible," I said, carnestly. She started up, her soft eyes lighting. "Ahl if you could only help me to reach England!" she exclaimed, with outbusiasm.

"Ahl if you could only help me to reach England!"
she exclaimed, with enthusiasm.
"Poor girl! What would you do there? No,
Zelima—at least, we will not think of that now.
Not till I have tried the effect of expostulations
upon your father."

"You do not know him," said Zelima, sadly, and

evidently without hope.

But her face brightened at my encouragement, and by-and-bye we fell into pleasanter, gayer talk, and I found this young half-English girl, with the Circassian eyes and complexion, as sweet and strange as a new flower, whose leveliness one has only s a new flo reamed of.

as a new nower, whose loveliness one has only dreamed of.

At last there was a little tinkling bell rung up at the green jalousie.

"My mother wants me," said Zelima; and then, with a pretty shy adieu, she went away.

I lingared yet awhile in the garden, watching the splendour of the fireflies that glanced like the stars through the darkness, and breathing the fragrance of the cleanders and myrtle. But Sir Morton did not return, and, bidding a servant make my respects to him, I, too, retired.

I did not go to the Embassy again for a week, so great was the hurry of my affairs, but Zelima's dark pathetic eyes haunted me all the time, and would not let forget my promise to her.

At last I saw Sir Morton, and made the little speech I had been preparing. I fancied I grew eloquent toward the close, but he remained unmoved. He was not even angry, but when I had done speak-

He was not even angry, but when I had done aping he looked up with his usual cynical, g

ing he looked up with his usual cynical, good-natured smile.

"You're a good fellow, Rego, but you're a bit of a Puritan. When one is in Turkey one must do as the Turks do. What better arrangement could I make for Zelims than to give her to the pacha? The old fellow is in love with her besuty, and will make her his third wife—"

"His third wife!" I broke in, in horror.

"And the other two are old and agly, continued Sir Morton, composedly, "and Zelima will be supreme favourite. What could the girl do in England, with her oriental manners and character? The children of my English wife are there, and they and their mother's relatives would do their best to make Zelima's position uncomfortable. She would be utterly desolate."

"But she might marry," I said, with a strange self-consciousness.

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"But she might marry," I said, with a strange soil-consciousness.

Sir Morton suddenly turned, with a stern face.

"If you would marry her yourself, I cannot change anything. I have promised her to the pacha."

The grim determination with which he spoke gave me no room to hope. I was silent. At this moment a figure crossed the lower end of the saloon where we were sitting. I caught a glimpse of a cloud of dark hair, and the sad wistful eyes, looking out of the pure, perfect face.

"Poor Zelims!"
"Spare your pity." said Sir Morton. smiling.

"Poor Zelima!"

"Spare your pity," said Sir Morton, smiling.
"It is her natural fate, and it is not a hard one. She will be petted and caressed, and have plenty of jewels and gorgeous dresses, and those are the things women like best—are they not?"

I went away, hot and indignant. That night I paced up and down outside the garden wall of the ambassador's residence. How could I tell her I had failed? How could I speak the sentence of doom?

While I was thinking thus the shrubbery parted and Zelima's face looked out, as sweet as the odour of the flowers that swept by her out into the free night. She looked at me wistfully a moment, reading her fate in my face, then she slowly grew pale, and a heavy sorrow gathered in her eyes. I knew she guessed the truth.

"You are right. He would not listen."

The answer came in a slow, unspeakably sad tone.

tone.
"Now I can only pray that Allah will take me."
There was an instant's allence. Into it came the
song of the bulbul, round and sweet, singing of love,
letting her heart run over into the ear of the tender night.
"Zelima!"

"Zellima!"

She started at the vehemence of the tone, I almost crushed the tiny white hands in mine,
"I love you, Zelima! I will shelfer you in my heart. You shall fly with me, and as my wife Ismael Paschs dare not touch you."

I cannot write Zelima's answer. The bulbul sang it to the night: the stars nodded to each other in the far blue, and told over again the sweet secret.
"Here to-morrow night at twelve," I whispered, when we parted.

"Here to-morrow night at twelve," I whispered, when we parted. As Zelima glided away I heard a soft rustle in the opposite direction. Was some one listening there? I anathematized that miserable system of espicaage that prevails in the East, the fit ally of a society to the last degree base and corrupt.

All the next day I was best by miserable fore-bodings that I could not put aside. At dark my arrangements were all completed, and a whole how before midnight I was at our trysting-place.

An hour went, and I paced back and forth impatiently. Another swept on, and yet Zelima did

mot come. I listened eagerly for her light footfall on the grass, for the rustle of drapery as she passed. But in vaio. The bulbul mocked my sorrow; the cleanders shook their ordours into the air, but I hated the night the more for its sweetness. Why did also not come? where had they carried her? The next day I frightened one of the sorvants of the Embassy into revealing the truth. Zelima had been sent to Egypt, he said. Her marriage with the Pacha would take place there.

I waited for no more, but set off instantly for Alexandria. One travels in these days by steam; yet that was all too slow to equal my impatience. But we presently everteek another steamer wearing the colours of his highness. My heart leaped up exultingly.

exultingly.

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the was easy to invent an excuse for being transferred to this vessel, and my plans were quickly laid. I had disguised myself so that I was sure Sir Morton himself would not know me. I soon ascertained, however, that he was not on board, but had tained, however, that he was not on board, but had cent Zelima, with a numerous train, under the escort of one of his creatures. I sauntered carelessly about the vessel, to all appearance an Egyptian merchant, returning from a voyage of traffic. But when night fell, before ever the silver crescont rose in the west, I dropped into a light caique that had come into our wake as dark, and came in a moment under one of the windows of the cabin. I raised myself and looked in. There were only two or three attendants there, and they were asleep; and here, just within reach of my hand, lay my love, my pearl, my peerless Zelima. I leaned forward, my face to here. e to hers.

Zelima!" I whispered it so softly that the petals of the half-open lily in her bosom lay still in their beautiful repose; but the white-veined lids rose slowly, ful repose; but the wanter and looked appealingly into mine.

"You are not afraid to trust yourself with me,

"It is the will of Allah," whispered Zelima

softly.

I lifted her into the boat, and noiselessly we sped over the waves, darkening under the growing

tight.

It was rosy surrise when we touched at a little village, which lay upon the shore, like a jewel thrown up from the sea. Here I found a white-haired old priest, to whom I confided our story. And then he bowed, and smiled, as I made the request to which Zelima listened with veiled eyes and finehed cheeks. Then he said, thoughtfully:

"No doubt it is His will that you should be one. I cannot refuse you, my children; but, as soon as I have repeated the ceremony, you must depart. The pacha has a long arm, and his anger is a terrible shing."

We did not linger, but long are noon ware on our

We did not linger, but long ere noon were on our way across the arm of the desert that stretched between the little seashors village and the nearest

It was a long and desolate journey. Day after day miles of burning and arretched before us; the red sunrise glowed over the waste; the torrid noon corched us; the windless nightfall shut us in with

walls of darkness; yet the hours teemed with beauty, and our lives were rich in fragrance. All day Zelima sang songs, or talked to me in a woice more melodious than the nightingale's, and when, in the evenings, we sat by the door of our little tent, I told her tales of my old life, that now seemed so mureal and far away, and we anticipated the time when I should set down my beautiful tropi-cal blossom in my stately English home. And thus, in our brief dream of love, the arid desert blossomed like a rose

The rude awakening came too soon. I sat one evening within the tent; Zulima was sleeping, and I was hard at work, getting up my arrears of correpondence; the night was so absolutely silent that pondence; the night was so appetutely strated the tramping of many feet around the tent startled me with surprise. In an instant our servant entered, "Persons to see his excellency," he said, with a

Who are they?"

"They have a disabled camel in their train, and the chief of the party wants to effect an exchange with your excellency,"

wants to effect an exchange with your excellency,"
said Alrasoluid, quietly.

My suspicions were fulled by this pretext, and I
stepped unhesitatingly to the door. A group of men
stood around in oriental costume, smoking with
Easturn gravity and silence.

"Good evening, gentlement Can I do anything

In an instant I felt my arms seized from behind, and a sonorous voice said, close to my ear:

"In the name of Ismael Pasha!"

All my blood leaped to my heart at the utterance of that hated name. With a mighty effort I Why, man, you look as if you had seen forty.

wrenched myself from his grasp and snatched my dagger from my belt. The minions of the pacha fell back before the gleaming steed, but not before a jet of crimson blood from the breast of my assailant betrayed that he was wounded. At sight of this a great howl went up from the whole party, and, forgetting me for the instant, they gathered around the fallen man.

Now was my chance of escape. "Zelima!"

e stood at my side, white as death, but com-

I looked around for Alrasolid. The base traitor I looked around for Alrasohld. The base traifor had deserted me, and was stooping over my prostrate foe. But Allah aided me. At my first call my beautiful fleet Arabian came bounding to me, and, with the swiftness of despair, I sprang apon his back and caught Zelima up before me.

"The Frank! The Frank!" went up in a shout. Simultaneously my noble Arabian sprang away, taking a long easy leap, that would readily have distanced any ordinary animal. But a glance over my shoulder convinced me that my pursuers were as well mounted as myself.

They had taken to horse at the first alarm, and

They had taken to horse at the first slarm, and de forward now, keeping close ranks, and pressing

steadily upon me In a moment I fancied they were gaining. Zelima saw it, too, and her face grew yet paler with appre-

"Courage, dear heart!" I whispered, "We will give them a brave chase and who shall doubt that they will come off but second-best? Allah is

good!"
Zelima's dark eyes grew humid and tender; but she did not reply—her white dry lips could make no sound. I could only fill the minutes with hopeful words, that too often belied my sinking hear.

On we won't and still faster, the steady rush of the wind aweeping past us, the desert growing gray and dim all round us and stretching far out to the lucent golden wall that girded about the waste of sand. Afar, over the gray dimness, I caught a glimpse of the roofs of the next village, shining white under the glowing moon.

the glowing moon.
Once there we were safe, for I knew the chief to be an anemy of Ismael Pacha.
I looked over my shoulders and a cry of joy parted

my lips.

We had gained a distance in advance of our pursuers. Zelima clasped her hands and broke into fer-

vent praises. "Ou, my love, it is the goodness of Allah!" she

cried. cried.

How short-lived was her innecent exultation! A sharp fierce hiss out the air, I felt a strange sudden sense of swift, intolerable pain, and then the desert and Zelima faded away before my eyes.

"Dog of a Frank! Your head shall pay for your temerity!"

"Dog of a Frank! Your head shall pay for your tomerity!"
These were the first words that distinctly impressed themselves upon me. I seemed to have been lying for ages in a semi-torpid state, only partly conscious even of suffering. A jargon of imprecations had tortured me; grim, angry Turkish faces leered at me; a dull sense of pain had been present I know not how long.

Now, however, it all became plain. The walls of a dungeon shut me in, and my keeper was anathematizing me in tolerable English.

Then all the past came bick. I writhed under the horrible weight of despair. The loss of blood from my wound had weakened me I was no longer a man; heart and hope had failed, and I wept like a child is my grief. Then suddenly growing calm, I tried to tempt the stony heart of my keeper by bribes. He mocked and jeered at me. All the gold of the Franks could not buy him, he said. As for me I was to answer to the charge of murdering a me I was to answer to the charge of murdering a no I was to answer to the energy of murdering a favourite servant of his highness, as well as of running away with his betrothed wife.

"Oh, Zelima, Zelima!" I grouned. "What will they do with her?"

they do with her?" "Cut off her head!" said my Cerberus, with grim

ferceity.

A cold horror froze me. Time passed—I knew not whether hours or minutes. All at once I heard a great outery above me. I started up in wild affright. That was Zelima's voice, calling upon me in piteous agony. Then an awful silence fell. Something trickled down the iron grating of my door. I put my hand upon it, and recoiled. The broad red stream grew and grew.

Then—was I mad? Was it only a dream? A torturing vision? Or—— Oh Heaven! Was torturing vision?

torturing vision? Or — Oh Heaven! Was

thousand demons! By the sword of Mohammed,

that was a shout!"

"Sir Morton!" I gasped out.

"What! Aren't you awake yet? You took too much. But some coffee will set you right. Here, much. Zelima!"

I stared about me. The maiden's oval eyes looked

cariously at me.
"Drink some coffee, I tell you!"
I drank mechanically. Soon the mists began to ear away. "How long were you absent?" I asked, as I

finished my second cup.

"About two hours, I think. That dunderhead Turk bored me frightfully."

Two hours! And I had suffered untold bliss and

I wo non. I misery. Oh, hasheesh!

I had only to add that I never met Zelima at the Embassy again. Sir Morton declared langhingly that he dared not expose so susceptible a young fellow to fascinations so irresistible. The seraglic of the sultan was the only safe place for her.

But often when I have encountered the yelled.

was the only safe place for her.

But often when I have encountered the veiled ladies of the harem I have watched for Zolima's dark, soft eyes and listened for the melody of her H. H.

HUNTED FOR HER MONEY.

CHAPTER XL.

THE funeral of Caspar Voe was deferred some three or four days for various reasons, and was then conducted with great solemuity, and was attended by all the villagers of Folliott Fens. Lady Folliott sent her carriage to join in the procession, and the ill-fated man, whose life had been such a wreck and failure, was buried in a remote corner of the village churchyard, no relative or friend other than Hyslop witnessing his burial.

churchyard, no relative or friend other than Hyslop witnessing his burial.

After Gordon Hyslop had returned to the inn upon the day of the funeral, Mr. Lambton called upon him, informing him that Lady Folliott had given her consent to his visit to Folliott Court upon the next day, and that opportunity would be given him to pass the entire household in review.

why lady is very kind," said Lambton, impressing upon Hyslop the extreme condescension of the baroness in allowing his investigation. "This murder business had nearly made both the Court ladies ill. Miss Bormyngham has heart disease and has hear confind to has been confined to her room for several days. My lady will take her up to town in a day or two for dical advice.

medical advice."

"I would like to see Miss Bermyngham, if only for a moment," said Hyslop. "I would like to ask her a few questions about that Agatha Walden. You see, Mr. Lambton, Lilias Voe was a perfect serpent. She might have pretended to die and have completely deceived Miss Bermyngham—"

"But in that case Lilias Voe wouldn't be at Folliott Court."

liott Court.

"No. The thing is all a puzzle to me. Only one thing I don't believe, and that is that Lilias Voe is dead. And one thing I do believe, and that is that Caspar Voe died by his wife's hand. The woman may have followed him from London—Miss Bermyngham may believe her dead—I can't form an idea of the truth, but I mean to unravel it in the end. idea of the truth, but I mean to unravel it in the end. I think it possible that Lilias might have told her story in her own way—she's full of guile, and would deceive a detective even—to Miss Bermyngham, and that lady may have been taken in with her tears and pretences, and be assisting her to hide. There's my theory in a nutshell."

"I can't put faith in it."

"I can't put faith in it."

"Well, I do. If I could see Miss Bermyngham, if I could ask her about her maid's death—

"But you can't see her. She is not well, and the order is given that she is to hear no more of this affair."

"I daresay I shall do as well without seeing her. My mind is fixed upon that Finette. I expect to find in her the woman I seek. But how am I to see

find in her the woman I seek. But now man I the entire household?"

"You are to go as the bearer of a letter to me," said the land-steward. "I will be at Folliott Court, and the servants will think that you failed to find me at my own house, and so followed me to the Court, You will insist on delivering the letter into my own hands. You will present yourself at the servants door precisely at two o'clock, and make your way into the servants' hall, where at that hour the servants are at dinner. You must then use your eyes."

"The servants will all be at their dinner in the servants are at dinner. You must then use your eyes."
"The servants will all be at their dinner in the servants' hall at two o'clock," repeated Hyslop, musingly. "I will be there."

musingly. "I will be there."

"Lady Folliott's maid and Miss Bermyngham's maid dine at three o'clock with the housekeeper and butler, in the housekeeper's room," continued

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Lambton, "I have been obliged to make a confidant of the housekeeper, who will manage to have both the maids in her room when you call. After visiting the servants' hall you will be above into the housekeeper's room, and I will come to you there. You see that we have yielded to your solicitations to see the Court servants. My hope and belief are that your examination of them will be vain! It was no woman's hand that killed Caspar Yoe." "I have been obliged to make a con-Lambton,

So the two men separated. Hyslop's conviction that it was Lilias Voe who had murdered his consin remained unshaken, in spite of the evidence of her death. But the belief which he had avowed to Mr. Lambton—that Lilias Voc has told her story to Mes Bermyngham and enlisted the sympatay and protec-tion of the great heirass—graw with further thought

'She's a cunning devil, is Lilias," he thought, he has deceived and hoodwinked this great ress. If Miss Bermyngham knew the truth she'd "She has throw Lilias over, and allow instice to take its course. I'll see Miss Bermyngham is spite of them all, if I have to follow her up to London. I'll set the facts before her. She shall know who and what she is burbouring. If she chooses then to protect and hid Lilias, she shall know that she is protecting a wilful murderess."

Hyslop spent the remainder of the day as he had alray spent other days, in a, visit to Follott Park, and a close examination of the scene of the tragedy. But, as before, he found nothing that could throw light upon the mysterious murder. He wandered to the fountain at which Vos and his guilty wife had met, but there was nothing to show that the murdered man and his murderer had ever been upon the spot.

He returned to the inn, grim and quiet, and spent

The next morning, after an early breakfast, he was again in Policott Park, a new project in his mind. The keepers allowed him liberty to go whither

he would, and assisted his researches.
"Has the lake been dragged?" he asked, halting upon the bank of the pretty ornamented sheet of water. "The murderer might have thrown the knife in here. It would be more natural than to take it away with him."

The keepers replied that the lake had not been dragged.

dragged.

Hyslop was very thoughtful. If it had been Lillas
Voe who had killed her husband, he said to himself,
and if Lilias Voe were at Follott Court, she would have rid herself, at all cost, of the tell-tale dagger ith which she had destroyed her victim.

No dagger had been found in the park, although

every thicket had been searched thoroughly.

The lake would seem to afford a secure hiding.

place for it to all eternity.

If, then, it were Lilias Voe who had killed her

husband. he summed up, and Lilias Voe were at Court in some disguise, she had without Foliott Court in some disguise, she had without doubt disposed of her dagger by throwing it into this very lake.

this very late.

There was a gay little boat-house with row-boats.

Hyslop signified his desire to row on the lake, and a keeper got out one of the boats, seized the oars, and carried, him out upon the pelliculd waters.

"Do you keep your boat-house locked?" asked Hyslon raftectively.

Hyslop, reflectively

The man replied in the affirmative.

"Was it locked upon the night of the murder?"
Another affirmative reply.
"Then," thought Hyslop, "If my theory is right, and Lillas Voe was the murderess, and she flung the dagger into the lake, she must have stood non the bank to throw it. It cannot be very far out in the water. I may find it."

water. I may find it."

He imparted his idea to the keeper, who communicated it to the half-dozen men upon the banks among whom was now Mr. Lambton. The land among whom was now here to the proposed search. steward made no objections to the proposed search, but even joined in it. Two other row-busts, with the keepers and Mr. Lambton, shot out upon the waters, and engaged heart and soul in the investi-

gation.

The lake covered an area of several acres. Its banks were gently sloping. At ten feet from the shore the water was not ten feet deep. The bottom was artificial, of white pebbles, which glesined through the clear translucent water with singular distinctness. The lake was shallow, even at its centre, and gold fish could be seen darting to and fro several feet below the surface.

The three boats moved slowly over the lake, The three boats moved slowly over the rate, keeping a few feet from the shore. The searchers peered into the pure depths with diving glances. Foot by foot, almost inch by inch, they acamed the peebly bottom, and the morning wore on and non was passed, and still they kent up their "It's useless," said Lambton, finally. "There's no darger here, or if there is it's in the saiddle of the lake. It's time to give over this feelish exploration, and I am going home to my interest." The keepers took of their cats, when a strange and startling ery came from Hyslop.
"What's that?" he exclaimed, leaning over the

boat, and pointing with his forefinger into the beneath him. "I see something shining.

The Boats middled together over the spot. The bon's nuddled together over the side of the One of the keepers aprang over the side of the boat and dived to the bottom. He came up dripping and blowing, and holding up in his hand a quaint, foreign-looking dagger, with a stender, pointed blade, a little upturned at the end, and with a hit thickly encrusted with glittering genus. He gave this in the hands of Hyslop, who, with Lambton, examined it closely.

"This dagger is a costly toy, and must have belonged to a wealthy person."

"It is of Indian manufacture," said Hyslop. "It

longed to a wealthy person."
"It is of Indian manufacture," said Hyslop, "It must have cost a pile of money. It's one of those costly things that rich people buy to put in their cabinets as curfosities. Such handles are not made for use. And yet it's a murderous-looking onged to a wealthy

weapon."

Lambton and the others coincided with this

"Lilias Voe could never have paid for such a weapon as that," pursued Hysiop. "But I'll awent that it came from India. She came from India also. that it came from india. She came from India also. The coincidence is striking. She never had an admirer rich enough to give her such a present. There's a dull stain along the blade—a blood stain that water won't wash out. In my opinion Mr. Lambton, this is the weapon that killed Caspar Vos.

"The body mest be taken up," said the land-steward. "The doctor can tell if this dagger pro-duced the fatal wounds."

"I woulder where this came from?" said Hyslop, thoughtfully. "It may have belonged to Lady Folliott. The woman may have stolen it from Folliott. The

"Perhaps Miss Bormyngham owned it," suggested tunbion. "Her father was a virtuese, a great lever Lambton. Her lather was a virtuous, a great lever of curiosities, and his cabinets contained rare trea-sures. Such a weapon was never flung in here from any but had movine. If it had been simply lost here there would have been search made for it. Mr. Hyslop, I regard this as a strong clue to the mystery

"Murder will out," mid one of the keep tentiously. There's generally some little thin that betrays the murderer, sometimes a bit of papused as the wadding of a gun, sometimes his or scared actions, sometimes a word or look. Now if the murderer had carried this dagger away "
"Its presence in his possession would have betrayed him," said Mr. Lambton.

"Will you allow me to retain this weapon in my possession for a few hours?" inquired Hyslop, addressing the land-steward. "I desire to show it to the doctor, who must obtain an order for the disheterment of Voe's body. And I who also to show it to Lady Folliots, who may possibly be able to identify it."

ton assented. Hyslop insisted that it should be carefully examined by his companions, in order that they might identify it when called open, and he

then took possession of it.

He returned to the inn for his mid-day dinner. visited the ductor, exhibited his trophy, and called upon the medical practitioner to procure the requisite order for the exhumation of the murdered

At half-past one o'clock the weapon still in his possession, he went to Folliott Court. It was two when he presented himself at the deer of the servants! hall and inquired for Mr. Lambton.

There were some five and twenty servants employed at Folliott Court. Some score of these were gathered in orderly manner about a long dining table, the housematits, cooks, upper gardeners, and boatmen at the upper end, as became their superior dignity, and the grouns and soullions at the lower end, "balow the salt," as besting their inferior estate.

The eyes of all these persons became fixed upon the intruder. Not at all embarrassed, Hyslop, passing by the men, scrattuited every woman in the company with a gaze that was actually piercing. One by one, he reviewed them all, from the fat cools to the lowest ullion, and, as he expected, not one of them by the

"Of coarse I knew I should not find her among these," he thought. "Limbton told me that all the servants in who house, excepting Miss Bermyngham's maid, and been in the family a long time. Lilias

would never tancy being a servant. She was too idle and luxurious in her tastes."

The housek oper made her appearance as he came to this decision, and he addressed himself to her inquiring for Mr. Lambton, declaring that he had a letter which he must place in that gentleman's own

"Come to my room; then," said the housekeepe politely, having fourned her park. "Wilson, M Lambton is upstairs in the morning-room. Infec-him that a messenger is in my room, waiting to se

him that a messenger is in my room, waiting to see him. Cope this way, sir,"
She conducted Hyelop to her room, a pleasant and large apartment, furnished as a partour, with doors opening from it tate preserve-closets and other repositories for dainties under her especial charge.
A tea-kettle was humming over a sprit-lamp and three cups were on the fable.
"You find me about to take a cup of tea, sir," said the housekeeper. "I have asked in the lady's-mids to share my too with me, although we dine at three. Ab, hore comes Lady Folitott's maid now."
The deur had been opened, and a weman had looked in. This woman, an elderly French person, now came forward, with a bow to the stranger, and ast down at the table.

sat down at the tak

as down at the table.

A single glance at her sufficed for Hyslop. This woman was just what she seemed. It scarcely needed his remembrance of Lambton's assurance that she had been with Lady Folliott for seventeen years.

Presently the deer opened again and Finette came

is.

Hyslep's heart beat more rapidly. For a moment his vision was indistinct, then he saw her plainly. He had expected to behold a small, slight figure with a dark skin, black hair, and black eyes.—Lilias Vee, as he had known her. He beheld a tall, acquiar person with a sallow complexion, a thin face, high check-bones, and small, furtive eyes; a person not at all attractive in her appearance, yet more the less totally unlike the woman he sought.

A saddam desiration came upon him. He was

A sudden dejection came upon him. He was very moody and sullen in his looks when Mr. Lambton came in. The two went out into the hall

"Woll?" said the land-steward, interrogatively.
"I was mistaken," said Hyslep. "This Finetta is not Lilias Voc."

Mr. Lambton actually looked surprised. He bad aken more stock in Hysiop's theories than he had

"Then you give over your search?" he asked.
"You've seen all the servants in the house, excepting a feetings, perhaps, who is on duty."
"It seems as if I had been brought to a sudden standstift," acknowledged Hyslep. "I believed the

"It seems as if I had been brought to a endlan standstill," acknowledged Hyslop. "I believed the woman here. I find myself, mistaken. She may have followed Voe from London. That it was she who committed the murder I still believe. No one sies could have had any interest in Vee's deeth. But you forget that my work is not yet finished here. There's the degger! Did you speak about it to Lady Fellinstill.

"No; she is so auxious about her niece, who ill confined to her room. I have told her a

will common thing—"

"Then I must speak to her."

Mr. Lambton made no objections. He knew the deep interest which Lady Polifort took in this case, and accordingly nahered Hyslop into the library and ordered the hall-porter to inform the haronass that hey Mr. Lambton, desired to see her.

Lady Polifort antered their presence almost immediately.

he, Mr. Lambton, desired to see her.

Lady Folliott outered their presence almost immediately.

Lambton presented Hyslop.

"Have any new discoveries been made?" impulsed her ladyship. "Has any clue been found to the mystery of this murder?"

"A most decided clue has been found, madem," said Hyslop, respectfully. "We have discovered a dagger which has been recently threwn into the late. It has not had time to rust, and there are stains on it as of blood. We believe this to be the weapon with which the murder was committed."

Lady Folliott's interest was increased to intensity. "Has the dagger been identified?" she saked.

"No, madam," said Hyslop. "It is of a manufacture and costliness that would preclude the idea that it may have belonged to one of the villagers. It is my opinion that your nices, Miss Bermyngham, has been imposed upon by Lillias Von, and that Lilias Von is not dead. I believe, that Miss Bermyngham may know that she lives and be secretly befriending her under a misapprehension of her real pharatter. And I have also thought that the dagger may have been stolen from your house. It is of Indian manufacture, profusely ornamented with real jewels, and is a great curiosity."

"I have lost nothing of the kind," said Lady Folliott. "I daded, I nover owned any such article."

"Then you cannot throw light upon its owner.

abip," said Hyslop, his countenance falling. "There would be no use in your looking at it, madam, I suppose It is so remerkable in apparance that if you had once seen it you would remember it."

He withdraw it from within his cost, sufolded the paper he had wrapped about it, and displayed it on his extended palm.

is extended paim.

Lady Folliott bent forward, regarding it with a perbia curiosity, and then suddenly recoiled, ex-

"I know that dagger! How very singular! Why, Mr. Lambton, that weapon belongs to my niece, Miss Bermyngham! How would she have lost it? Who could have stolen it from her? I should know it anywhere. It belonged to her father, and is very valuable. Come with me. My niece will identify it. She is not so, ill but that she will gladly add her testimony to mine and claim her property. Come with me, both of you."

CHAPTER XLI.

BEATRIX and the housekeeper stood like statues, scarcely breathing, while that loud imperious knock resounded through Trever farmhouse. They waited until the knock was repeated and then Beatrix signed

to Esther to speak.
"Who is there?" demanded the housekeeper, in

loud and firm voice.

There was a brief passe. It had occurred to the Brands—father and son—lurking like wolves outside the heavy kitchen door, to endeavour to pass themselves off for the absent servants, but clearly that

The women in the house were fully upon their

Eather's discovery of the dogs' death had made an apparently straightforward course imperative. "Open in the name of the law," said Colone Brand, in a barsh and commanding voice. "Open

Brand, in a harm and commanding voice. "Open, in the queen's name."

"And what for?" saked Esther, undismayed.

"I have here a warrant for the arrest of Beatrix Roban, viceo of Colonel Brand, a young lady of uncound mind, who has eccaped and fled from her natural and logal guardians," safe Colonel Brand, as if reading from a legal document. "I demand the surrender of the said Beatrix Roban, in the same of

her majesty, the queen."

Beatriz clasped her hands and looked at Esther

The housekeeper stood firm, but she certainly looked troubled and perplexed.

"Is Mr. Trever at home?" questioned Colonel

"No, you know he is not" cried Bether, with energy. "You know, as well as we, that we are two women alone in the decase, that the unaster and mistress are gone, and that the arrants are adjust at Bala. You know too that you have killed our

at Ball. To a new out of colouel Brand, in a shocked order. "Woman!" interrupted Colouel Brand, in a shocked voice, "Do you dare attribute such an act to as? We have but just drove up. We did think we saw two men near your stable, but came on directly to the house without accosting them. I am a gould-man. Beware what charges you make in speaking of me, or I may force you to the task of proving them in a court of law. Is like Roban in there with you?

"You know she is!"

"Beatrix," said Colonel Brand, in a coaring voice, "I promise you complete forgiveness and immunity from any consequences of your wilfulness, if you will open the door to us. Beatrix, my belowed nece, for your own sake I implore you to yield yourself to the dear friends who love you; still—to the guardian whom your father appointed to watch over you. rou !-

on !*

Beatria's lips ouried in haughty scorn.
Taraing to Esther, she whispered:

"You will not give me up, will you? In Heaven's ame, Esther, stand by me!"

"I will!" said the woman, grimly. "Have no are. The master's guest shall not be taken out of his house by men who would polson hounds."

Beatrix thanked her with a look.

"Still wifel, Beatrix?" exclaimed Colonel Brand, Woman! You houselesses, me wor going to green.

"Woman! You housekeeper, are you going to open "No, sir, I am not." "Ne

"No, sir, I am not."

"Do you know what the consequences of this refusal will be? Tour servants will not return from Bala to-night. Jones has been stopped on the way, and will not return either. You are helpless, with only this door between you and us. How long will it take us to break the door in?"
"A good long while, you'll find," returned Esthur.
"That door is solid tak three inches thick. And it's hard a cong seamle."

"You were left in charge of your master's pro

"You were left in charge of your master's property. What will' your master say when he learn" of the damage of his house, resulting from your contumacious resistance to a legal warrant—"
"He won't think of me," said Esther, "nor of the house either; he'll be so mad about his hounds! You may be sure he'll get his pay for the doge—and out of you too, sir."
"You refuse to obey her majesty's warrant?"
"I do!"

"I do!"
"Very well, then!" said Colonel Brand. "Whatever happens, you have brougast to on yourself!"
There was a brief parley outside, the sound of
hurrying steps, and the a heavy log of wood, which
had been precured from a pile near the kitches, was
hurled violently against the door. A vigorous assualt
followed, the log forming a battering-ram of formidable character.

"Their entrance is merely a matter of time, Esther. I cannot consent to become a source of expense and annoyance to Mr. Traver. I cannot give myself up to these men. Is there and some way in which I can escape? Can I not get out at some other door or window—"

"They are likely to have a substants above a grant."

"They are likely to have as ing the house. No. miss the "They are likely to have assistants who are guesting the house. No, miss, the door is attempt it you think. We shall keep them at buy a good lost time, and there's the chance of the farm-ser was coming home. The night is dark; you could hard see your hand before your face. You would see get lost upon the mountain. Peay be guided by miss, and remain where you are!

Beatrix was guided by the cliff heaveleaper as gave up her half-formed project of rushing out in the night.

ne night.

"Oh, if only one of the men were here!" groaned gather, as the heavy blows rained upon the door.

Or if we but had the dogs! There are no firearms in the house, except the fowling-piece of the master, and that is out of order. We cannot leave.

"Could we not pile some farther barrier again the door? There's your heavy dresser. Do you shi we could move that?"

"We could move that?"

"We can attempt it. We shall be to do something, at any rate."

They worked hard, and succeeded in barricading the entrance with the ponderous caken dresser. The noise they unvoidably made reached the ears of the assailants in some pause of their nefarious work.

They evidently comprehended what the beleagued women were doing, and stopped to consult.

"What will they do now?" queried Esther.

The two women heard their besiegers try the massive window shutters softly, then the other

massive window shutters soitly, then the other doors.

"The front door is heavier than this," said the housekeeper. "I wish they'd try that."

But the sessitiants preferred to return to the kitchen entrance, believing that thair stout blows had made some impression upon its hinges. They removed the sessuit with such vigour that presently the two womes heard the door creak and groun, as if steadily weakening.

"We cannot hold out much lenger," said Beatrix. "Oh, if the servants would only come!"

"These men will be in here within fifteen minutes," said Esther. "We might retreat from room to room as they advance, but these inner doors would be no defence, I tell yon, miss, what you must do. As the door begins to fall in, you can escape by one of the parlour windows, and hide in the shrubbery till morning. The night is warm, and the darkness will protect you."

Beatrix nodded in relience.

The blows of the log upon the door became

Beatry nodded in silence.

The blows of the log upon the door became estening. The women huddled together, still as eath. But the old door did not yield. The fifteen thattes alletted by Esther, passed, and still they ed no nearer capture.

assement no nearer capture.

"We shall hold out, after all," said the housekesper. "We shall surely—"

There was a terrific orash. The clamps in which
the wooden bur rested were torn violently from one
side of the door. The hingss gave way, and the
door fell in at one side, hanging heavily against the

An expitant cry came from the besiegers.

They applied their battering ram to the dresser.

They two slipped into the dining room, lacking the door behind them. As they find to the parlour, they heard the dresser go toppling and crashing to the floor.

Esther unfastened one of the parlour windows. Just then they heard the dialog-room door give way, and the tramp of approaching feet.

Beatrice, without a word, sprang out into the darkness.

At the same moment the parlour door was burst in, and Colonel Brand and his son came flying in.

A cry of rage escaped them, at the sight of the

en wincow.

Eacdal Brand bounded across the room, swept
sther aside as if she had been a child, and leaped

Eandal Draw.

Sther saids as if she had been a come,

out in pursuit of Beatrix.

It needed not words to tell him that she had again
secaped him. An awful fury filled his being. A
murderous hatred of her possessed him. He flow
secaped him the shrubbery, like an incarnate tormade. It was pitchy dark—he could see nothing;
has he ame conscious that some one was flying

His

but he became conscious that some one was before him.

He shot forward like a bullet from a gun. His star was in the ascendant that night; for suddenly he heard the fugitive stamble and fall. In another instant, guided by the sound, he had hurled himself upon her prostrate figure, and had staggered to his feet with her in his arms.

His wild yell brought his father from the house with a lighted lamp.

"I've gut her!" shouted Randal Brand, nearly beside himself with joy. "Your light here, on her face. Is it Beatrin?"

Colonel Brand came nearer, and let the light fall full upon the face of the struggling girl.

It was Beatrir, sure enough. They had her safe at last.

at last.
"Quick! to the carriage!" said Randal Brand, his face glowing laridly in the lamplight, "We must less no time hare. We've done prison work to night. We must be out of England before mornhis fo

Colonel Brand, earrying the lighted lamp, ran on in advance, crossing the lawn and garden, to the green lane, in which a close carriage drawn by two houses waited.

Bearix was threat into the vehicle.

"Quick, father, get her bat and cloak," said Rands Brand, hurriedly. "She will need them, and therealthe no stop for us till we reach the sea." Calesad Brand sped into the house. He found Bearix's swaps on the hall rack, seized them, and teturned with all speed, pursued by Esther, who had armed herself with a kitchen poker, and was wild smough to give both him and his son battle. Meanwhile, Beatrix had made a frantic effort at escape, but Randal Brand had thrust her j back into the dark vehicle, saying in a tone that made her flesh crose 2:

"Come, Beatrix, we've had enough trouble from

"Come, Beatrix, we've had enough trouble from you. Don't tempt us to kill you outright. I swear to you that I would destroy you at a little provocation. Remember if you die we inherit your fortune, all the same as if you were my wife! Be warned!"

Beatrix sank back in a farther corner. Colonel Brand followed her into the carriage and shut the door. Randal Brand mounted the box, whipped up his horses, and drove rapidly towards the highway. The night had come for Peatring at last! Her enemies had triumphed! had triumphed!

(To be continued.)

ANOTHER SECREER.—Lord Graville has decided to secode from the Irish Church in consequence of the changes which have been made in the Prayer Book. Lord Graville is an old Life Grandsman, and one would hardly have expected him to take a very kenninterest in theological matters. As son-in-law to the late very Protestant Marquis of Westmeath, one would have

in theological matters. As son-in-law to the late very Protestant Marquis of Weatmesth, one would have supposed that any ecolemistical sympathies which he had would have been with the Irish Synod rather than with Canons Pusey and Liddon. His son was for some years Mr. Gladstone's private socretary. Authorish Fordership - It appears that no less than fourteen letters of Madame Elizabeth, sister of Louis the Sirteenth, which have been sold as autographs in various sales, are marely clever imitations of origins previously published. Another, in the late M. Guizot's catalogue, No. 8,799, has been withdrawn before the sale. It is so clever a forgery that no one suspected its ganniaeness till the Marquis de Raigecourt produced the true original, containing much mere matter than the copy. The Polybiblion" talls us that all the letters, signed, of Madame Elizabeth, written to her usual correspondents after 1759, are to be scapected.

An Interseting Foundance,—Two policemen who were on dusy in the Champ Elysées were startled at hearing a light murmur through the moosilit trees. The dawn was just breaking, and they saw an infant but a few days old lying in awaddling clothes on the ground, with a milk bottle cleuched in its little hands, and pinned to the biberon was a letter:—"We are obliged to abaudon our child to a public charity, as we curselves are starying, and have not the means to nourish it. The child is baptised in the name of Emile, and has been declared at the mayoratty. Should it please Heaven to enable its broken-hearted parents one day to reclaim it, this letter will suffice."

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[THE CLEMATIS.]

FLOWERS:

THEIR LANGUAGE, SENTIMENT, SYMBOLS AND INTERPRETATION.

BY PHILANTHOS.

VOCABULARY.

CHINA ROSE .- See Rose, China, CHINESE CHRYSANTHEMUM .- See Chrysanthemum,

Chinese.
Christmas Rose. Relieve my Auxiety.
This is the Black Hellebore (Helleborus niger) so called on account of its black roots. It is the earliest blooming flower of the year. There are also the Green Hellebore (Helleborus viridis), and Stinking Hellebore (Helleborus fatidus), which last is also often cultivated on account of its early flowers, which come in December to February. This plant is specially poisonous, and a powder of its roots is used to kill rats and mice. The old herbalists call it Bear's Foot. Bishop Mant faithfully describes it:

Within the moist and shady glade Within the moist and shady glade
What plant, in suit of green arrayed
All heedless of the winter's cold,
Inhabits? Foremost to unfold,
Though half concealed, its bloom globose,
Whose petals green, o'er-lapped and close,
Present each arched converging lip
Embroidered with a purple tip;
And green its floral leaves expand,
With fingers like a mermaid's hand,

One garden variety is white, and the old French writers named it "Herbe de Christ," as we the Christ-mas Rose. It may be reproduced from seed gathered when ripe

CHRYSANTHEMUM, RED. I love. CHEYSANTHEMUM, WHITE. Truth. CHEYSANTHEMUM, YELLOW. Slighted Love.

Welcome to our leafless bower
When November's breath has come,
Welcome golden-anthered flowerEver fair Chrysanthemum!

Like an old friend's pleasant face, Though the earth is void of grace, And the very birds are dumb Cheerful, gay Chrysanthemus

And the very birds are dumb
Cheerful, gay Chrysanthemum.
The Greeks, who knew only the yellow variety of
this hardy winter flower, called it Chrysanthemum,
from "Chrysos" golden, and "aathos" flower. Our
varieties are supposed to be derived from China
and Japan, where the poets of those ontlandish
people who inhabit what they call the "central
flowery land" sung its praises as delightedly as
the Persians apostrophize the rose. The Chinese
boast one hundred named varieties. We can
easily beat them if we look into our sesdsmen
and florists catalogues. Mrs. Loudon gives us seven
divisions, and as each has I don't know how many
varieties, I name them: the Ranunculus-flowered;
the Incurved; the China-Aster-flowered; the Marigold-flowered; the Clustered; the Tasselled and
the Quilled. There lately died an old gardener of the name of Broom, a worthy eccentric and enthusiast, who had Chrysanthemum
on the brain, and the care of the Temple Garden,
now abutting on the Thames Embankment. This
worthy used annually to have a Chrysanthemum
show, which, to my thinking, as a dweller in smoky
London, was a sight to see. The author of "Lacon
says all men speak best of that which they best unstand. I have heard a blackamith truly eloquent on
the welding of from. The same might be said of old
Broom, the unlearned gardener of a learned society,
to hear whose talk on the culture of Chrysanthemum
was like sitting at the feet of a gardening Gamaliel.
The turpentine smell of the Garden Chrysanthemum
is well known as pervading the leaves and stema.
The British representative of this glant daisy—
for such we venture to term it—is the Ox-oye or
Moon Daisy, the large yellow flower of which, with
white rays, standing nearly two feet in height, are to
be seen in some gardens and also in waste places in
June and July. Its flowers are said to kill fleas—
perhaps so, we have not tried them, but, as they are
procurable in the right months, we would recommend
the experiment by those by those troubled with what

a fauctiul musician denominated F sharps, in contra-distinction to the slower and more fetid B flats. The most aromatic of the Chrysauthemums is the old-fashioned small ried kind, which forms our floral Emblem, and which has been compared to the odour of honey. The modern botanical name of Chrysau-themum is Pyrethrum.

thenum is Pyrethrum.

CHERARIA. Always Delightful.

This resuscitated favourite, with its herbaceous and sub-shrubby stems and room decoration, for passage, conservatory or general oranneutation is indisputable. They were once knewn as African Asters among old-fashioned people, and merely sported pretty light sky-blue rays surrounding a yellow disc: now their colours see varied as the bow of Iris, and in every shade. We like them as a type of somebody or something "always delightful," as they may be had in bloom from December to May, when other flowers are scarce.

Cinqueron. (Potentilla). Maternal Affection. Tyns calls it Beloved Daughter, and quotes the fol-lowing pithy lines from "Favourite Field Flowers".

How gracefully the Potentilla throws
Its trailing branches down the rude bank-side,
Until they kiss the wavelet as it flows
O'er pebbles polished by the crystal tide;
Nor there alone it grows, but far and wide
Its quinate leaves and golden blossoms lay
And deck the borders of each rural way.

How beautiful its slender stem, imbued With rich fresh tinge of purple blush and green, At intervals with fine-cut leaves indued And bright-lined flowers rising there between; No plant more elegant hath ever been Within our native sea-girt island found "Mong those by which its hills and dales are crowned."

THE CREEFING CINQUEFOIL (Potentilla reptans)

crowned.

THE CREEFING CINQUEFOIL (Potentilla reptans) has its leaves, as its name denotes, in fives. It blows a yellow flower, similar in form to the white blossom of the strawberry plant, from June to September. This pretty wilding, with its velvety flowers, is to be found everywhere on banks under hedges. There are a dezen varieties of it in the books, with which we will not trouble the reader.

The name Potentilla was given in old times to this plant on account of its potential medical virtues, and Theophrastus upholds this opinion.

An age of scepticism has not endorsed the old belief. Fevers and agues, inflammations, palsy of the hands, diseases of the lungs, and infectious disorders all yielded to Potentilla. "Use the root, dry in April, taking off the outer bark, and drying it; in powder it will cure all kinds of defluxions. It stops purgings, spitting of blood, bleeding at the nose, and is also useful in coughs, jaundice and ulcers in the kidneys. An excellent decoction is made by boiling one ounce of the bark of the root in three gills of water; one quarter of, which may be drunk two or three times for all of the above disorders, and will be also found serviceable for sore eyes." I don't profess to believe half of this, but the herb is acrid, and with wine is, we are assured, serviceable to the waddling bird whose home is the village green or common, and whose "bill falls due at Michaelmas." The pig too has an appetite for its roots ameng its almost comivorous tastes. They are not unlike small paramepe, and we can certify are by no means unpalatable when reasted. In the remote Hebrides, in Coil and Tiree, the islanders have been saved from starvation by this little plant.

Of its emblematical significance we are assured, for one species of Cinquefoil in rainy weather inclines its leaves and draws them together, umbrella fashion, over the flower as a shelter. Surely it is not a farfetched simile to liken this to Maternal Affection? Cinc. A. Spell.

This fanctfully-named plant is not uncommon in

fetched simile to liken this to Maternal Affection? CINCEA. (Circea Lutetiana.) Enchanter's Nightshade. Sercery. Divination. A Spell.

This fancifully-named plant is not uncommon in shady lanes. Its stem is about eighteen inches in height, with dark-green egg-shaped leaves, tapering to a point, and very small pale rose-coloured blossoms. It has streggling creeping roots, very difficult to extirpate from the garden bed. It blooms in June and July, and has no distinctive adour.

odour.

Though bearing such a formidable name, both in Latin and English, after the eachantress Circe, it seems a most harmless plant, having neither noxious nor beneficial qualities. Its attributes are indeed negative; it has little or no smell, no decided colour, an its neither acrid nor demulcent, bitter, sweet, nor sour. Of course when imaginative writers seek a similitude, if they cannot find one ready made they call up one, as the German metaphysician dig the white

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elephant, out of their inner consciousness. Thus Darwin in his "Loves of the Plants":---

Thrice round the grave Circæa prints her tread, And chants the numbers which disturb the dead

And chants the numbers which disturb the dead.

From which we are to suppose that this little flower has some mysterious influence in making buried people restless and uncomfortable. This may recommend its use in the séances of the spirit-rappers, the only modern survivors of the ancient sorecres, witches and wisseds. There is a variety called the Alpine Nightshade, which presents but little noticeable peculiarity. The elegant fuchsia, however, belongs to this family of flowers.

Cusros, or Rock Ross. (Helianthensum enigare.)

Popular Favour.

The tribe of Cistinen, or Rock-rose, numbers many varieties. For our present purpose I shall describe the common Rock-rose, or Cistus. In spring its tender green prostrate branches, changing to a dark, ruddy tint later in the summer, shining with bright yellow or white flowers, its undeveloped buds tipped with crimson, are often met with on chalky and gravelly subsoils. The shrub is fragrant, so ragrant on the rocks of Greece, that Southey says:

The forest and the lonely heath wide spread.

ragrant on the rocks of Greece, that Southey in the forest and the lonely heath wide spread, where Cistus shrubs sole seen exhale at noon Their fine balsamic odour all around, Strewed with their blossoms, frail as beautiful, The thirsty soil at eve; and when the sun Relumed the gladdened earth, opening anew Their stores exuberant, prodigal and frail, Whitened again the wilderness.

The fondness of the bee for the Cistus was noted by the ancients, and a modern (Thomas Campbell)

The fondness of the bee for the Cistus was noted by the ancients, and a modern (Thomas Campbell) observes?

Thou wert working late, thou busy, busy bee, After the fall of the Cistus flower!

In which we may note the truth of the poet's observation, for the flower of the Cistus naually falls on the evening of the day on which it blows, though the succession of flowers is continuous in May and June; and it will bloom again in September, and even October in mild seasons. This fall of the flower after one day of sunshine may typify the brief cristence of Popular Favour. Bible commentators have sought to show that the passage in Solomon relating to the Rose of Sharon applies to the Cistus, as the plains of Sharon abound with this flower, which we need not say has no similarity to the true Rose except in its second name.

CISTUS, GUM (Cistus Indantferus), is a handsome greenhouse shrub, with long, viscous leaves and large white flowers with a red centre.

The balaam known as Ladannum, highly prized in the east for stomachic and antifebrile qualities, is obtained from the Cistus Creticus, a white-flowering plant, a variety of which has been seen on the rocks on the South coast near Torquay, Devon. The latest vocabulary-compilers place opposite the Gum Cistus the words "I shall die to-marrow."

CITRON FLOWER. Ill-natured Beauty.

We shall take this to mean the flower of the sour Citrus fand not the sweet kind) of our greenhouses; distinguishing it also from the Citrus aurantium, yielding the dowlierous Orange flower (emblem of Chastity and Marriage festivities), and the Citrus Media, of Lemon blossom (Emblem of Fidelity in Love). We fear, however, that these very nice distinctions, owing to the similarity of Emblems sometimes signifying opposite sentiments, must lead to confucion, ambiguity, or; what will he worse, absolute misinterpretation and misconception in what ought to be similar to be safely trusted with different meanings. We may note one little peculiarity of the Citrus, which has three different principles i

Sharp-tasted Citrons Median climes produce, (Bitter the rind but generous is the juice). A cordial fruit, a present antidote Against the direful stepdame's deadly draught,

Who, mixing wicked weeds with words impure, The fate of envied orphans would procure. Large is the plant, and like a laurel grows, land, did it not a different scent disclose. A laurel were; the fragrant flowers contemn. The stormy winds, tenacious of their stein. With this the Medes to labouring age bequeath New lungs, and cure the sourness of the breath.

As to the description, it will do for any of the mes or lemons. The antiscorbutic merits of limemes or lemons. The antiscorbuile merits of lime-lice are indisputable. CLARKIA, The variety of your Conversation de-

light me.

CLEMATE (Clematis vitalba). Intellectual Beauty,
Mental Superiority. In Tyaa's book, Artifoe.

The old English names of Traveller's Joy, Virgin's
Bower, and White Vine are both elegant and applicable to this graceful climber. Bishop Mant says of

The Travellers' Joy,
Most beauteous when its flowers assume
Their autumn form of feathery plume.
The Travellers' Joy, name well bestowed
On that wild plant which by the road
Of southern England to adorn
Fails not the hedge of prickly thorn,
Or wilding rosebush, apt to creep
O'et the dry limestone's craggy steep,
There still a gay companion near
To the wayfairing traveller.

Clematic is common in the hadren.

To the wayfaring traveller.

The Clematis is common in the hedges of the southern parts of England, on cottage porches, and covering trellis-work, for which it is well adapted. Its dark green foliage and numerous greenish-white blossome are seen in profusion where chalk or limestone abounds in the soil. Old Gerarde called it the Traveller's Joy from its "decking and adorning waies and hedges where men doe travell" with flowers in May and June, and in the early part of winter making them gay with its snowy, feathery tults of seeds. The Garden Clematis—the true Virgin's Bower, or "Our Lady's Vine" of some old writers—is the sweet-scented variety (Clematis writers—is the sweet-scented variety (Clematis flammula), and is found in America, Australia and New Zealand, spangling the woodlands with silver

Cowper, on presenting a Garden Clematis to shelter a garden seat, thus addresses it:

Thrive, gentle plant, and weave a bower.

For Mary and for me,

And deck with many a splendid flower.

Thy foliage large and free.

Keats also calls it by this name:

The creeper, mellowing for an autumn blush, And Virgin's Bower, trailing airily.

And Virgin's Bower, trailing airily.

The fresh leaves of the Clematis are so acrimonlous that they were used in old times by beggars to provoke sores, whence the French called it Herbe aux gueux, Beggars' Plant, though they also named it, more agreeably, Consolation aux Voyageurs. The old-wood stems, when thick enough, are made into pipe-stems in Germany, and are very clean smoking, and in this form are another sort of Traveller's Joy. Of the garden kinds there are C. Florids, C. montana, C. crispa, C. viorns, C. viticella, etc., all of which may be propagated by layers or cuttings. Its use by beggars may have suggested Tyas's interpretation—Artifice; but we would recommend its rejection, and an adherence to the better meaning of this universal favourite. favourite.
CLEMATIS, EVERGREEN. (Clematis viorna.)

Poverty.

(To be continued.

A MAY MOVING.

"Bur what will you do, Uncle Reuben, if you do

not come with us?"

"I think I will stay here. This has been my home for twenty-two years, Sophie, and I should hate to leave it."

"But who will keep house for you?"

hate to leave it."
"But who will keep house for you?"
"I will let the house furnished, and keep some of the rooms for the reut."
Sophie Elwood laughed as she spoke, but her troubled eyes contradicted the merriment of her

lips.
"I cannot bear to leave yon," she said, after a long silence. "It does not seem right."
"Dear child, it is right," was the gentle answer. "Your husband has the first claim upon

you."

"We are so happy!" she sighed. "I cannot see why Sihas wants to change."

"I can. When Silas courted you, Sophie, and won the gentlest, purest heart I over knew, he told me he was a very poor man, having only a small salary, while you were my only relative and my heiress. He would have left you then, to win a fortune to lay at your feet, but I would not let him go. I told him, and truly, that your happiness was the dearest object of my life, and that there was

plenty for all if he would come to our home. So you were married, dear; but Silas has never lost the sense of dependence that is the most galling of all senses to an honourable man."

"But, Uncle Reuben, he should not feel so. What does it matter whether the money is yours or his?"

was coes is matter whether the money is yours or his?"

"A woman's argument, Sophie! He knows that the dearest pride of an honourable man's heart is to give to his wife that support he owes her when he marries her. Tell me, Sophie, has Silas ever been an happy as he has since this offer to go to Brighton was made?"

"No," said Sophie, relactantly, "he never has."
"Because it gives him a large salary, and a certainty of increasing it by his own business enterprise, and he can take you to his home without depriving you of any of the luxuries you have always enjoyed."

"I understand now. But I wish it was not so. I have been your housekeeper so long, it is hard for me to think any one else can fill my place."

"No one ever can, Sophie. But if I am too miserable I will ask Silas to give me a corner in your home."

"You promise that?"

your home."
"You promise that?"
"Yes, I will promise that. Now, dear, write me an advertisement for the house. Luckily the first of May is not far off, and there will be plenty of applicants for a furnished house."

or law is not a supplicants for a furnished house."

The advertisement was written, and, busy as she was with her own preparations for a removal, Sophy would see every applicant.

She was resolved to leave her uncle as comfortable as possible, and was a very dragon in her ex-

able as possions, and domineering, would worry the poor man into his grave in a month. Another she was sure would starve him, she was so emphatic about her table. One wanted too many indulgences, another was too exact as to hours. Sophie was beginning to think the house never would be let, when a card was brought to her room, early one bright orning. "Mrs. Albert Hutchinson."

a card was brought to her room, early one bright morning.

"MRS. ALBERT HUTCHINSON."

Sophie went to the parlour. A lady of diminutive stature, dressed in deep mourning, rose to meet her, and Sophie thought she had never seen so sweet and so sad a face.

The usual catalogue of questions and answers followed, and Sophie decided, first, that Mrs. Hutchinson was a lady in every sense of the word, and, escondly, that she had seen her face before, but where or when she could not decide.

"You are a widow, I presume?" she said.

"Yes." It is fourteen years since my husband died. I am wearing mourning for my only son, who was my sole support, though but twenty. I have been in ill-health for years, though I am stronger now. I do not think I could undertake a very large boarding-house, but I can certainly make the old geatleman you speak of comfortable."

"You had better call and see my uncle, then, at fire o'clock. I will tell you now, that you are the only applicant I have introduced to him; but if you can arrange the business with him, I am satisfied to leave him in your care."

So when Renben Bradford came home Sophie told him that she considered the house taken.

"And, uncle," she said, merrily, "if this widow captures you, I think I can forgive her. She is as pretty as a picture, though she has lost a son twenty years old, and her voice is as musical as a flate. It agonizes me to imagine how boarders will run over her and impose upon her, for I am sure she has not the spirit of a mouse. So make the terms easy for her, won't you?"

"Did she tell you her name?"

"Mrs. Albert Hutchinson."

"Mrs. Albert Hutchinson; but her letter of reference from her present landlord was for Mrs Annette C. Hutchinson. Uncle Reuben, what is

The matter?"

For it was a very pale face into which Sophie was looking, and the hands crossed on Reuben Bradford's lap trembled violently.

"Annette Colton! Little Annette!" he murmured. "Did you tell her my name, Sophie?"

"No, I think not. I am quite sure I did not."

"Do you remember once, when I was turning over some papers in my desk, you found a ministare picture?"

"Yes. I knew I had seen her face somewhere."

"Yes. I knew I had seen her face somewhere."
"Yes. I knew I had seen her face somewhere."
"Yes. I knew I had seen her face somewhere."
"Yery like."
"After twenty-two years! Little Annette! We were engaged to be married once, Sophie, and her father gave me that picture."
"Engaged to be married?" cried Sophie.
"Yes. I will tell you about it. Her father was one of my clerks, and I met Annette one evening, when I called upon business. She was only seventeen, and as pratty as a fairy—a child to me, for I was then past thirty, but a meet winsome child.

After I had once seen ber, I found a great deal of After I had once seen her. I found a great deal of business requiring mout Celton's. I never was a young man, displies Before I was sixteen of had troubles and cares, and at twenty-one my fashier's heavy business and large estate fell into my hands. Other men called me old fashioned then, for I was grave, sedate, and reserved above my years. Engrossed by business I had more cared much for society, and must contain for my one fair due until I saw Annette Coltan. She was as sweet and womanly as she was pretty; too gentle and yielding perhaps, but, to me, also gether lovely.

I can imagine just what the was," said Sophie.

"She is very lovely now."
"She is very lovely now."
"Her father," continued Mr. Brasford, "knew my love before I had mysalf discovered it. By every art and device he encouraged it; for in a worldly way I was a great match for a poor clark's shild."

worldy way I was a great match to a poor care we hild."

"Any man might be proud to give a daughter to your loving care," and Sophie quickly. "If you had not one shilling in the world."

"Thank you, my dear. Colton probably thought much more of my bank account than of me. He fooled me perfectly, Sophie, and made me believe Ameetle haved me, but was shy with a sweet maidenly modesty. If I invited her out, no was over ready; she came for me; she talked with me in her low sweet voice, winning me to desper love at every interview. I saw that she grow pale when I was tender, that her little hand trembled and shrankfrom mine when I stroye to class it; but I believed her father when he told me it was but girlish altyroes.

When I asked him for her hand he was eagerly to grant my prayer. When I told Annette of

"When I asked him for her hand he was eagerly glad to grant my prayer. When I told Annotic of my love, and her father's consent to the wooling also cally whispered a faint assent.

"I was so proud, so happy, Sephie, as I prepared my house—this house—for my bride."

"Then she has been here?"

"No. I planned to surprise her. She lived in a small, poor cottage at Bristol, and I furnished this with the coatlest furnitare to give her welcome. In the rooms I put all that I thought eveld please her. She loved paintings, and choice one fiong upon the walls. She was fond of flowers, and I built a conservatory. Her favousite colours were selected for carpets, curclains and decorations. I gave her father a handsome cheque for her tronsean. But, one week before the weeking-day, she cloped with Albert Hutchimon, another of my clerks."

clorks."

"The little cat!" said Sophie.

"You so: I have the letter she wrote me yet.

Long before also ever knew me she leved Albertble was, as I said, a clark in my camploy, and hadbut a small salary. As soon se my visits became
frequent, my hope apparent to her father, he forhade Albert Hutchinson the louse. At the sametime he commanded Annette to forget him, and to
smourage any attentions I might effer. The poor
child, to whom obedience to her father was a sacred
duty, tried to couply. In the touching letter she
wrote to me also begod me to forgive her if she had,
wounded me, telling me that she tried to give me
the first place in her heavt, but could not forget the
first, stronger lave. She strove to believe the would be chang he heavt, but could not forget the first, stronger have. She strove to believe the would be a faithful true wife to me, and make me happy, but hy the very force and engarness of my love I made her seen how weakt and poor would be her return for it. She bore her own to ture bravely out when she believed she would do me a creek wrong by heing my wife, with her whole heart given to another love, at a married Albert Hutchinson! Do not blame her, Sophie. I never did."

"Did you never hear of her again?"

"Yes. I heard that Hutchinson was in Scotland, by a letter cent from a firm where he senght employment. He had been a faithful dieck to me, and I wrote a warm letter, that secured line a position. I also insisted upon Colton's canding to Annette the trouscent prepared for her, and wrote her a letter sincerely expressive of my wishes for her future happiness. Nearly two years heter Colton died, and I heard indirectly that Hutchinson had gone abroad. That is all I know of her antit to-day."

As she spoke the door-ball rang, and a moment later the servant nahered Mrs. Hutchinson into the

Reuben Bradford had purposely turned his face for a moment away from the new-comer. Memory was very busy in his heart.

was very busy in his neart.

Very gently, Sophie said:

"I kope you will not think us impertinent, Mrs.

Hutchinson, if I ask you to tell us something of yourself, before we decide about the house?"

"There is very little for me to tell you," said the

low, awast voice that made every pulse of Reuben Bradford's heart bound quickly. "My husband; as I told you this morning, died fourtess years ago, leaving me with three children. Two of these died

in France, where I less my hesband, and I became very feeble from repeated attacks of agen. So I came back to this country, where I obtained work, and edicated my only surviving bey, Reuben.

Reubem 2"

"Reuben?"

"Reuben Bradford! He was our first-born, and named for the kindest friend I ever had, the noblest man Lever knew."

"And he too is dead?"

"Yes. He was killed in an from foundry last summer. I came to London soon after, but I have had difficulty in procuring work."

"Why do you not apply to Reuben Bradford?"

The widow's pale face coloured painfully, but she did, not speak. Ecution turned to face her then.

"Have you forgotten me, Anuette?" he said holding out his hand, "or did you think I would not be glad, more than glad, to see you onder

The tears were falling fast over Annette's pale cheeks, but, after a struggle for composure, and said:
"You were more than kind to me, Mr. Bradford, when I had wronged you deeply. Could I ask more from you than you have already given to me?"

me?"
"If you wronged me," he answered, gently, "you tried to atone. You did not do me the greater wrong of thinking I wished to force you into a lattical marriage."
"I loved my hesband!" she pleaded.
"And you were right when, loving him, you refused to marry me. But now, Annette, now that he has gone from life and from your love, could you not come to me to be my cherished wife!"

"I have waited twenty-two years for lova,"
Renbes, pleaded, "far no other face has ever
eroused yours from my heart. All the old love is
there, waiting for yea, Annetta,"
"Lat me think!" she whispered. "It is too much

happiness!"
Then, lovingly, Sophie led her away, and, with a tender kiss, left her alone in the library, to recover from her bewilderment. As she kissed her, she said

softly:
"This is the house Reuben Bradford furnished for your home twenty-two years ago. It is not too late to make him very happy by coming to preside over it.

Alone, Annette Hutchinson bent her head, and prayed fervently. She had loved her harband with all the romanic love of her youth, and had mourned sincerely when he died. But Reuben Bradieve had been to her a prince of mon-mobiler than anyother. The respect she had ever given him had been strengthened by his generous forgiveness of the wrong she had done him, and for years there was no image brighter in her memory than that of the man she had once refused to marry. That he was rish, also poor, did not enter into her mind.

She wanted to be sure that she could bring him

she wanted to be sure that she could bring him such love and tanderness as would atone for the past, and give him love for the future. It was an hour before the returned to the room where, alone, he waited her decision. Her face had a delicate rose flash on the fair sheeks, her eyes, though downesset, were bright, as she came bravely to

"Reuben," she said, "if my love can make you

happy, it is yours, So there was a May moving, following a quiet wedding, for Silas Blwood and his wife left for Bristol on the day Annette Bradford came to take possession of her new home. And Reuben Bradford has not yet been sufficiently miserable to ask for that corner in Sophie's house.

AN ARISTOCRATIC STREET MUSICIAN. As Anistocratic Stream Musician.—The nobleman organ-grinder, who lately persimbulated England and Ireland, has found an imitator across the Atlantic. This ambulant musician is a French baroness, speaking the purest Parisian French. She plays in the streets of Boston, and her instrument is adorned by the Cross of the Legion of Homoar, which had been formerly bestowed on her husband.

A Christian link will should assist a Bosia, Tible

A CHINESE junk will shortly arrive in Paris, This vessel belongs to a Chinaman of high station edu-cated in France, and who, on returning to his country caused it to be constructed with improve-ments suggested by his stay in Europe. The officers of the ship are European, but the crew are Chinese; it is expected to remain four or five

WINE PROSPECTS.—Good news is being received from the wine-growing districts. There is but one cry of joy and admiration in the vineyards at the magnificent appearance of the vines. Since 1840 and promises of abundance had not been seen. The question now saked is whether those hopes may at

present faileto be realized. It is thought not, as the tendrils are already so long and leafy that the grapes

PAORPTAL

this it de flower

A Weather Barout A thunder claps from

A WEATHER EFFORT.—Athender-claps from warring Probability and the probability of Well, what are you standing there for with that ambrells over you?!!

HUBBARD (a little off) to "Oly nothing—thought there might be a storm, that mall" and the proving a married couple for their frequent discoutions, which he thought very unbecoming, seeing, as he observed, that they were both one. "Hothous!" tied the husband. "Were your soverence do come by our door sometimes, pas would a wear we were twenty."

wart wanty."

Wall Meaning for trausformation.

Entering Frunce (to distinguished foreign action):
Yes, of course; but you know it sail very well—
mything painted by a foreignant is save to go down
with the British public, eh?"
D. F. A.; "Go down, save; oh, vill it. It won's do
noing of ze sort, I can tell you, whilst we have such
non as—asympto!"—Entering the same save and

DID SHA MEAN IT?

OLD GENTLEMAN, "And whan I come again File sure to return the volume."

LADY: "Oh, I beg you to read it quite at your

leisure."

"JOHN, I am afraid you have been forgetting me,"

"JOHN, I am afraid you have been forgetting me,"

aid a bright-eyed girl to her sweetheart the other
day. "Yes, Sue, I have been for getting you these
two years."

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said a bright-syed girl to her sweetheart the other day. "Yea, Sue, I have been for gotting, you these two years."

Good Advice.—A good story is told of a physician who was called agon to visit a sick man, after he had himself taken a drop too much. Arrived at the bedside, he fumbled over his patient, and at last got nold of his own pulse, which he hald for a minute or two, and then, with customary medical gravity, remarked: "Well, there's nothila much matter will you—only a little drank! Jist got' hed'n alsepititl'n you'll b' al right!

A Scorce farmer, having buried his wife, was called upon by the sexton who had performed the necessary duties to pay him his fees. Being of a niggardly disposition, he endeavoured to get the knight of the spade to abate his charges. The chaptience of the latter becoming axinausad, he grasped his shovel impulsively, and, with an angry lock, exclaimed, "Doon wi's another shifling or—up she comes!" The threat had the desired effect.

Nor art Hown.—The late Mr. Wilberforce could not think it right to allow his servants to say that he was brought to the conviction by the bluntness of a faithful north-country servant to whom he had carefully and as he believed successfully explained the true meaning of the usual conventional refusal," not at home." A tedious visitor had after this explanation been suffered to intrude upon his busiest hours, and when saked, "Why did you show him in? Why did you not any I was not at home?" The answer he received convinced him that he could not lawfully employ this phrase. "So I did, sit," was the servant's reply, "but he looked so hard at me, as much as to say I know you are telling me a lie that I was ashamed to stain't to it; so I e'on lot him in."

QUARTETS AND CHOPS.

An honest but uneducated fellow was invited to

Am honest but uneducated follow was invited to attend a party at the village squire's one evening, where there was music, both yould and instrumental. On the following morning he met one of the guests,

on the following who said:

Well, how did you enjoy yourself last night?

Were not the quartest excellent?

Why, really sir, I can't say," said he, "for I didn't taste 'em; but the pork chops were the fluest

STOPPED FATMENT.

An Irishman arrested for highway robbury, one one brought before a magistrate; asserted that he ass more entitled to be pitted than be punished.

"Pitted?" exclaimed the justice, "and on what WAS II

"Fited!" excisioned the justice, "and on wass account, pray?"
"Sure, on account of my misfortune."
"Your misfortune, indeed! What? that we have caught you, I suppose?"
"Oh, the gintleman that's brought me here knows my misfortune well enough."
But the gentleman was as astonished as the magistrate himself, and as incapable of underestand-ing the ambril's maning.

ing the culprit's meaning.

"You will own, I suppose," said his worship
"that you stopped this gentleman on the high-

"Oh, yes, I did that same."

"And that you took from him fifty pounds in

"Fath, Barrey, Arich as like anything a stress and the series,"

"How big is he?" said Berrey, looking but little pleased at the description of his rival.

"Haw big is he?" did you say? Fair? he's as big as the old tewer forning the Gunney's hell. By all accounts he'll sit you slive!"

Barney began to feel rather uncomfortable at the prospect before him, and straightway went to consult life wife as to what should be done in the event of his rival proving to be such as his messenger had represented. While they were thus engaged, one of the children came running in and exclaimed; "Daddy, come to the door an' see the great man that's coming up the hill!" Barney peeped through the children for the door an' see the great man that's coming up the hill!" Barney peeped through the childs of the door, and, to his great terror, aw the monater.

One look was enough to satisfy him that his

One look was snough to satisfy him that his messenger had not exaggerated his account of him, and, turning to his wife, he said:

"Shelah, fewel! I'm eat up alive, for sartin! Here comes the Scotch baist to drum your Barney."

When Shelah heard of the approach of the coming foe, and saw her lord's inability to wage war with one so far superior in strength and size, she concluded that it was only by some plees of woman's wit that her husband could escape from the affair without dishonour.

Accordingly, she resulty lifted the child ont of the

.

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without dishonour.

Accordingly, she gently lifted the child out of the cradle, and depositing it in the inner room, made the stater get in its place, and covering him up with the quilt, gently scated herself and resumed her work.

After a few moments, in walked the cause of all the disturbance, and demanded an interview with the giant. Shelah, after motioning with her hand for him to keep quiet, walked gently across the floor to where he stood, and in an undertone told him Barney had gone out to the woods. The giant told her that he intended waiting his resturn.

"Very well?" said Shalah. "Only don't make word of noise for the life that's in you, for there's thing makes his more furious than to home the life rying when he comes home."

nothing makes him more furious than to hear the child crying whan he comes house."

By this time the giant had scated himself on a bench and was quiesly surveying the apartment; and when his eyes rested on the cradle, with a leek of unintercible astesishment, he asked what was

in 'it is!" oried Shelah. "Don't you ass it's the child that's in it? An' Heaven help you if you wake him !c The grayture disn's get a wint of sleep last night; with jew back tests he's cutting." The grant, with a look of terror and natomishment, asked what size the father was.

"Faith an' I can't soil you!" said Shelah, "cause I never measured him. But that gossoos, "pointing to the cradic, "when he father is sugry rans and hides himself in one of his boats!"

"Laird save us!" and aimed the giant. "I winned has waiting the moo, lassin. I mean he guant Gude merving!"

Bo saving, he took to his heels and never thought.

esying, he took to his heels and never thought it cale until he get among the hills of his own

PRIENDSHIP

FRIENDSHIP is but a breath,
And lasts about as long,
We draw it deep within,
And then 'tis gene.

We clasp it close to us,
Think we can bid it stay;
Our friends will be to us
Our friends alway.

We close our eyes in trust,
With deepest; fervout faith;
We wake to find promised
Friendslip a wratth,

A fickle, changing thing, Decked with the choicest name, We give it naught but love; It gives us pain.

Not for a mement short, But days and weeks and years, We mourn our vanished trust With bitter tears.

We're not deceived again, Our trust is with the dead; It lives not here again When it has fled.

I wonder if beyond
The deep-blee starry sky,
There will be friendship four
That will not die?

GEMS.

Active natures are racely melancholy. Activity and malancholy are incompatible.

The body grows according to what it feeds on; so does the mind.

A MAN who cannot command his tamper, his attention, and his countenance, should not think of being a man of hashess.

A sax who cannot command his tamper, his attention, and his counternance, should not think of bains a man of husiness.

As hour's industry will do more to produce chearfulness, suppress evil humours, and retrieve your affairs, than a mouth's moaning.

Eveny year of our lives we grow more convinced that it is the wisest and best to fix our attention on the beautiful and the good, and dwell as little as possible on the evil and the false,

Lays rums not smoothly at all sessons, even with the happiest; but after a long course the rocks subside, the views widen, and it flows on more equably at the end.

Lay no man be too proud to work. Let no man be ashamed of a hard flot or a sunburst countenance; let bin be ashamed only of ignorance and pioth. Let no man be ashamed of poverty; let him only be ashamed of dishonesty and idleness.

Those who have become addicted to evil habits must escaper them as they can—and they must be compassed, or they will conquer us, and destroy our peace and happiness. And those who have not yet yielded to bad habits must be on their guard lest they be mergeotedly assailed and aubdued.

Phase bestowed without any regard to judgment or in the season of the season of the who believes it possesses a weaker one. It also serves as a gorgeous cloak; for, after filling a man full of his own greatness, he is so elated with the glory, that he falls to perseive the fingers that pick and pull all his petted theories into nothingness.

BELLA - NULLOS HABITURA TRIUMPHOS. Cologne was recently threwn into a state of out by the arrival of the long-expected "Emperor's bell," shuge bell of colossal proportions cast from French gun metal, presented to the Cathedral by the Emperor. The bell is to commorate the victors over France, and the unification of Germany in 1871. The casting has repeatedly miscarried, but on the 15th of April long-anstained patience was at length rewarded with signal encocess. The Emperor went over from Wicebadon to see it at Biebrich on its way down the river.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

A Good cement for chemical and electrical apparatus may be prepared by mixing 5 kbs. reals, 1 be wax, 1 lb red ochre, and 2 ozs. plaster of Paris, melting the whole with medicate heat.

ing the whole with mederate heat.

CINCOLATE CAKE.—Two cups of powdered super, one cup of butter wixed with the sugar matil is a period cream, then add the volts of five eggs and the whites of three beaten to a fresh; one cap of milk, one half the super of the cappoint of the super of the cappoint of the super of the cappoint or an tartar, three and a half cups of sifted flour.

Wake Parsas—Necor paper a wall ever old paper and paste. Always scrape down thoroughly. Old paper can be get all be damping with salarane and water. Then go over all the carelas of the unit with plaster of Paris, and finally put on a wash of weak solution of carbonic soid. The best paste is taddo out of rye flour, with two ounces of glue dissolved in each quart of passes; half an ounce of powdered hear improves the mixture.

STATISTICS.

THE number of acres of colonial wheat under culture is all the Australian colonies last year was over 1,560,000 acres, and the produce 18,000,000 busines. South Australia and Victoria are the largest wheat producing colonies, the former producing six to sight milition bushels, and the latter about five milition. New Zealand ranks next for about three million, and New South Wales follows with two and a-half to three million.

THE COST OF OUR POLICE.—Although London may be considered, in comparison with some continental capitals, a singularly law-abiding city, order is not preserved except at heavy outhry. The bidinoes sheet of the metropolitan police for the year ending 31st March, 1875, shows a total of 1,099,8516 under the head of expenditure. Of this, 828,4732, was absorbed in paying clothing, and equipping the force, the first from alone requiring 759,1496. divided among 9,940 men of all ranks. These included four district expenditure. Of this, 8469 constables. Taking this custic expense and number of the force, it may be roughly estimated that each unit costs rather more than 1001, per amman. But this includes charges for daties performed, by bodies only indirectly, connected with the police. Thus, the service so of the metropolitan police-courts absorbed 57,3636, and 112,7076 went in superanuation allowances and gratuities. in superanuation allowances and gratuities.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE famous violin formely belonging to Baillet, he celebrated violinist, has been recently soid for

the celebrated violinist, has been recently sour for 600 gainess.

A Sire has been prohased in a conspicuous part of Tooting, to erect a memorial in honour of Daniel Defoe, author of "Robinson Crasee."

It is stated that Mr. Thomas Baring, the member for South Essex, has undertaken to rebuild Hertford College, Oxford, as sine to add considerably to its order member to the contraction of the

College, Oxford, as also to add considerably to its endowments.

Pringuest the Speaker's Gallery and the House of Commons will regret to hear of the death, in the prime of life, of Mr. Circuitt, so long the obliging doorkeeper.

Sin James Alexander has just returned from Egypt, where he has saveyed the prostrate obelish which is the property of England. It is computed that the cost of its removal to London and erection here would be 3,000%.

The offer of the London Tavern at suction illustrates the increasing value of property in the City. Nine years ago these premises realized 41,00%, the reserve bid was on this occasion 84,600%, and they were bought in.

A LITERARY TRASURE TROVE.—Another portion of the long-lost originals of the Paston leiters has been discovered—those printed by Fenn in his third and fourth volumes. They were found together with a number of MSS., both of that date and of more recent periods, which are undoubtedly part of the Paston collection, in the house of Mr. Frere, of Roydon Hall, near Dies, in Norfolk. This find is just barely in time to be of some use to Mr. Gatrdian before completing his third and final volume.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LIEBLE.—It was impossible to comply with your request within the time mentioned in your note.

X. Y. Z.—There are editions of Aristotle's Ehetoric and Aristotle's Ehits published in the series known as "Bohn's Classical Library," price five shillings each

and Aristotic's Ethics published in the series known as "Bohn's Classical Library," price five shillings each yelume.

3.—The disease to which you allude is generally considered incurable; it may perhaps be alleviated by the reatment afforded by those hospitals established for the alleviation of such allumits.

G. R. W.—It seems that you have done all in your power to facilitate a compliance with your wishes. You have therefore simply to wait in the hope that Cupid may be so propitious as to grant your request.

J. WILLIAMS.—The tale of the "Gipay Peer" commenced in No, 586 of The Loudon Englands ilines that time to the end of June about forty-sight numbers have been published, all of which will be forwarded to you on receipt of postage stamps value six shillings.

Excelsion.—I. Sound health and good share of common sense, some knowledge of seamanship and long-formed habits of self-control and steadinees. 2. Thirty-five or thereabouts. 3. The appointments, we believe, are made by the officials connected with the Trinity House Corporation.

Fair Ashis or Esglasin,—The two letters you refer to duly reached us and were answered. The answer to one has stready been published, and the answer to the other, if it has not appeared before you read this, will probably be not much longer dalayed. We think your letters rather thoughtful than otherwise. The piece of hair you have sent is of a pretty bright golden colour, and of a very fine texture.

Fronkerd.—Chapped hands should be cleaned with warm water and soap, after which they should be carefully dried and anonized with proparine. The close of the day is a convenient period for this treatment, which should be repeated once every twenty-feur hours until the hands are cured. If anything will make a real improvement in the hair it is the practice of frequent ablutions and occasional clipping.

The Marking and finite month of May have not, was are alraid, sufficient merit to interest the public in general, though perhaps some collectors of the curiodities of literature and

of herature and some students or many and the gold to peruse a manuscript in which the following sought occurs:—

"The finnes in the little brook Stand on their tails to have a look!"

H. M.—The Enflicient Arnold bears perhaps the largest blossoms of any known plant. Its magnificent flower is formed of five petals, such a foot sorous; these surround a cup of nearly the width of a foot, and capable of containing twelve pints. The entire blossom weighs 15 ibs. Enormous as is the flower the other portions of the plant are inconsiderable, as it possesses no leaves and springs directly from a slender procumbent stalk.

X. Y. Z.—If a citizen of Glouoseter should die intestate his personal property would be divided between his widow and children, one-third to his widow and two-thirds amongst all his lawful children, share and share alike. But his landed property or his real estate would devolve upon his youngest son to the exclusion of all others, because the outsom of borough English, by which the real estate of an intestate descends to the youngest con, instead of the eldest, prevails in the city of Giougester.

is the father of the present leader of Her Majesty's op-position, and is a great patron of the fine arts, literature, and many other good worts. 2. A letter addressed to the illustrious personage named by you, if written by an unknown correspondent, would in all probability be opened by some member of Her Royal Highness's house-hold. The mode of address is "To Her Royal Highness," after which should follow the usual title. The postage chould be prapaid. 3. Kour letter is war, wall written in every respect, and is characterized by plenty of cou-rage and energy.

after which should follow the numl title. The postage should be propaid. 3. Your letter is very well written in every respect, and is characterised by plenty of courage and energy. Valentine, the property of courage and energy. Valentine, and is characterised by plenty of courage and energy. Valentine, and is characterised by plenty of courage with the property of the property of the milk is the basis which is sometimes recommended. The usual directions are appended. The half a pint of sourced milk cold, sorape some horseradish sufficient to fill two tablespoons, and add it to the milk. Let the mixture stand about twelve hours; it can then be strained and used to wash the face and the eruptions thereupon. This lotion is usually applied thrice a day, that is morning, noon and night. 3. A mixture of honey with flusly powdered charcost, used as a tooth-powder, will cleanes the testh arceliently well. 3. We have very little faith in the virtue of the rum and castor oil mixture when used as an application for the hair. It is imminest to cleaniliness, and thus, instead of helping nature, it prevents, to some extent, that fair play which should be accorded to all persons and things, nature included. For improving the growth and appearance of the hair we should prefer to rely upon washing and outting, and would say, wash the hair every Saturday night with warm water and sopp, rinse it with clean cold water, and cut a little of the ends now and then.

To the eye's curtained portal
Life's messages come,
Through the soft ether gliding,
On wave bright but dumb,
So swiftly, so surely,
The light-ship comes in;
Not a log-book can tell us
How long she hath been.

How long she hath been.
To the ear comes the shallops
Of Sound-land's gay fleet.
Bringing wonderful salvage
Of harmonies sweet.
Softly wafted and landed
From shores all From shores all unseen, With a hundred upliftings, And fallings between.

Under lotus leaves lying, Bearing garlands of roses,
Wearing garlands of roses,
Or created with rue
All the years of our biding,
They come and they go,
With the tide or against it,
Shoreward going we know

Shoreward grant was a control when sparkle we see Is only one wavelet On Lite's busy see. Ever falling and rising, Outlined by the wave, There lie the soft outling Of gradle and grave.

1 E. L. Of cradle and grave.

John W. (Walworth.)—I. Indian ink, when used to mark the skin, is ground with water on a sleb or plate, after the manner in which water-colours are ground prior to their use by an artist in water-colours. When the akin has been punctured by needles the Indian ink is applied to the wounds by a causel's-hair brush. That portion of the ink which slaks isto the punctures is indelible, the portion which does not go into the punctures will wash off. So that the device or emblem or initials which is permanently marked on the skin is that which was pricked by the needles before the ink was applied. 2. The method of dressing rat skins will vary according to the purpose for which the skins are required; that is, the process which makes them fit to be used as furn is somewhat different to that which adapts them for falting purposes.

the process which makes them as to be used a long anomewhat different to that which adapts them for felting purposes.

Cuncors.—1. Most decidedly we would advise you to try no such experiment. The effects of opinm are always prejudicial, and it is still more difficult to break the "accursed chain "of its influence than to escape the terrible dominion of alcohol. You must remember that De Quincy amply expisted any early pleasure he derived from its use by the fearful torture of his later visions, and only finally escaped with "the skin of his teeth." The fine intellect of that sweet singer, Coleridge, was emaculated by the slavery of this drag, and men of feebler and less solive intellects invariably succumb altogether. Witness the terrible examples amongst the natives of the "Flowery Land. 2. Regarding the effect of hashesel little is known, but that little indicates that it is even more injurious than opium. The roseate description in "Monte Christo" of the visions induced by its use are not reliable. Perhaps the poet of the field in influence. 3. Absinthe doubtless has somewhat similar though modified effect on the sensorium and is underlably very injurious.

Lucta.—For chicken salad well-fattened chickens, of medium size, tender and delicate, are better than large, overgrown ones. Fut them on to cook in the morning, and save the water they are boiled in for soup. When cold, remove the skin and cut the fieth in pleces the size you prefer. Some like the meat very coarse—other choose it quite fine. This is entirely a matter of taste.

the real cata of an intestate descends to the youngest gon, instead of the eldest, prevails in the city of (isoucester.

A Formark Wife.—The answer to your letter depends upon the terms of the will under which you claim. We can therefore only reply hypothetically. The property may have been left in such a manner as to render your hasband's concurrence necessary before you could enforce the claim. But if the property should have been left to your separate use, or if it is of comparatively small amount and the testator should have died since the passing of the Married Women's Froperty Act, you may be able to enforce your claim without the assistance of your husband.

CLARA.—I, You could use clive oil for your hair. 2. Lavender flowers would impart a pleasant colour to the contents of your lines drawer, 5. Citrate of magnesia in water makes a pleasant colour to make in water makes a pleasant colour for make the contents of your lines drawer, 5. Citrate of magnesia in water makes a pleasant colour to make counted for by the nature of an individual's constitution and the condition of his health, and it is difficult to make radical alterations in those by the mere extrenal application of oven such a potent agent as glycerine.

Hayrnous.———The nobleman to whom you allude has net, we believe, any seat or residence in the county referred to; as to property, that is perhaps a private matter which should not be discussed here. His grace

over a quick fire; bring to a-boil and let them boil hard ten minutes, then drop them into cold water. When cool remove the shells. Break the raw eggs and drop the yolks inte a dish large coough to make all the dressing in; best them, stirring the same way, for tos minutes, then alowly add the mustard, mir it with the eggs thoroughly, then aid a tempoonful of the best vinerar, and when this is well mixed add the oil, a drep at a time, attirring constantly and always the same way. Then rub the yolks of the hard-boiled eggs very smooth and stir in lightly a teacupied of vinegar; pour it slowly into the first mixture and stir is together as lightly as possible with a silver fork. Now season the chicken and celery with sall and pepper, and as soon as ready for use pour on the dree seing. If set where it is too cold in cold weather the dressing will curile and be ruined.

Canvara, ball, very fair, with blue eyes, whose to

Carlisle, tall, very fair, with blue eyes, wishes to correspond with a dark young lady about twenty, well accomplished and fond of music; a mil hady preferred.

Naille, light brown hair and hazel eyes, lovable dissocition, with a good income at her majority, wishes to correspond with a dark young gentleman; a midshipman verferred.

position, with a good mooras as her importary, which is correspond with a dark young guiltensan; a midshipman preferred.

J. B. S., a widower, sixty-two, 5ft. Sin., fair complexion, stout and robust, quite alone, with a small rhoome, wishes to correspond with a quiet, anniable lady similarly circumstanced.

Acutillus, a gardener in a good situation, twenty-two, medium height, dark complexion, blue eyes and a lover of home comforts, would be glad to correspond with a affectionate young lady with a view to marriage.

John H., weenly-four, medium height, fair complexion, which is to correspond with a respectably-connected young lady about twenty, who is of an ambable disposition and fond of home.

Antura, an irishman, resident in London, twenty-two short, dark, considered to have good, regular features, at present a slerk, but studying for the Bar, income 100, per annum, which will shortly be increased, respectably connected and well educated, whats to become acquainted with an English grid with a view to an early correspondence and marriage; she should be under thirty; no objection to marry a widow.

Communications, Recurrent

COMMUNICATIONS, RECEIVED.

COMMUNICATIONS. RECEIVED.

B. E. is responded to by—"S. C.," nineteen, fair, very loving, fond of home, good empured, and thinks she would suit "B. C."

Bantrs by—"Claribel," who thinks she would meet all his wishes.

Man by—"Archie," tall, fair, and would make a good husband to a loving wife.

M. B. by—"W. E. *, twenty-one, dark, good looking, in a good position and of a very respectable family; will have money when twenty-five.

M. C. by—"Minnie A. L. S.," twenty, medium height, fair, light hair, blue ayes, accomplished, very domesticated, and thinks she is everything "M. C." could wish. Joanwille by—"I J." twenty-five, 5th 9in, dark complexion, good looking, holding a good cituation, and would be able to make his wife a loving home.

WHITE EMBIRS by—"Lissie R.," twenty, fair, light hair, blue ayes, pretty, educated, and of home and music able to make his wife and thinks she is in every way suitable for "White Emsign."

WHITE EMBIRS by—" think and is in every way suitable for "White Emsign."

WHITE AND Hy—"Katrina, eighteen, about the medium height, and would be very happy to hear from "Wymeo."

Fard by—"Katrina, eighteen, about the medium height, and would be very heapy to hear from "Wymeo."

Fard by—"Katrina, eighteen, about the medium height, and would be refreced by the server heapy to hear from "Wymeo."

Fard by—"Katrina, eighteen, about the medium height, dark complexion, blue eyes, and a lover of home comforts; he would like to exchange carte de visites.

BERTIS by—"Annie," who has lived with her brother for two years; she is eventeen, rather tall, dark brown hair and eyes, very musical and fond of homes she would do her very bast to make his home happy and comfortable.

Two Harris by—"Two Boses." "Rose Number One" is nineteen, has dark hair and blue eyes. "Rose Number Two is also mineteen, has fair hair and brie eyes. "Rose Number Two is also mineteen, has fair hair and brie eyes." Toppy" is quiet and retiring, had

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atten mistr Mr to ha in sp had natur

Irish lefies An

precia hither whose

Wa that sl attrac by Ti-

Herri Hamas and Biller Bowlins by "Topsy" and "Keriah." "Topsy" is quiet and retiring, has greenish-gray oyes, would make a very good wife. "Keriah is fair, has blue eyes, would make a pool wife, is accomplished and has been used to a good deal of society. "Topsy" and "Keriah" are not domesticated.

ALL the BACK NUMBERS, PARTS and VOLUMES of the "LOUDON ENADER" are in print and may be had at the Office, 33t, Strand; or will be sent to any part of the United Kingdom Fort-tree for Tarse-halfpence, Eightpence, and Five Shillings and Eightpence each.
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NOTICE. — Part 145, for June, Now Ready, Price Sixpence, post-free Eightpence.

N.B.—Correspondence must Address there Letters to the Editor of "The London Brades," 334 Strand, W.C.

†4† We cannot undertake to return Rejected Mauscripts. As they are sent to us voluntarily, authors hould retain copies.

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